A TRICKE TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.

As it hath beene often in Action, both at Paules, the Blacke Fryers, and before his Maiestie.

By T. Midleton.

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A Tricke to catch the Old one.

Enter Witt-good *a Gentleman, solus.*

Witt-good.

ALL's gone! still thou'rt a Gentleman, that's all; but a poore one, that's nothing: What Milke brings thy Meadowes forth now? where are thy goodly Vp-lands and thy Downe-lands, all sunke into that little pitte Lechery? why should a Gallant pay but two shillings for his Ordinary that nourishes him, and twenty times two for his Brothell that consumes him? but wheres Long-acre? in my Vncles conscience, which is three yeares voyage about; hee that sets out vppon his Conscience, nere finds the way home againe, he is either swallowed in the quick-sands of Law-quillits, or splits vppon the Piles of a Præmunire; yet these old Foxe-braind--and oxe-browde Vncles, haues still defenses for their Auarice, and Apologies for their practises, and will thus greet our follyes.

He that doth his youth expose,
To Brothell, drinke, and danger,
Let him that is his nearest kin,
Cheat him before a stranger.

And thats his Vncle, 'tis a Principle in Vsury; I dare not visit the Citty, there I should be too soone visited by that horrible plague my Debts, and by that meanes I loose a Virgins loue her portion and her Vertues, well, how sheuld a man liue now that ha's no liuing; hum? why are there not a million of men in the world, that onely soiourne vppon their braine, and make their wits their Mercers; and am I but one amongst that million and cannot thriue vppon't? any Tricke out of the compasse of Law now would come happily to me.

Enter Curtizan.

Curt. My loue.

Wit. My loathing; hast thou been the secret consumption of my purse? and now com'st to vndo my last meanes, my wits? wilt leaue no vertue in me and yet thou nere the better? hence Curtizan, round webd *Tarantula*.
That dryest the Roses in the cheekes of youth.

Cur. I haue beene true vnto your pleasure, and all your lands thrice racke, was neuer worth the Iewell which I prodigally gaue you my Virginity:
Lands morgag'd may returne, and more esteemd,
but honesty once poun'd, is nere redeemd.

Wit. Forgiue, I doe thee wrong,
To make thee sinne and then to chide thee sort.

Cur. I know I am your lothing now, farewell.

Wit. Stay best inuention, – stay.

Cur. I that haue beene the secret consumption of your purse, shall I stay now to vndoe your last meanes, your wittes? hence Curtizan away.

Wit. I prethee make me not mad at my owne weapon, stay, (a thing few women can do I know that, and therefore they had need weare stayes; be not contrary, dost loue me?
Fate ha's so cast it that all my meanes I must deriue from thee.

Cur. From me: be happy then,
What lies within the power of my performance,
Shall be commanded of thee.

Wit. Spoke like an honest drab ifaith, it may prove somthing. what Trick is not an *Embrion* at first, vntil a perfect shape come ouer it.

Cur. Come I must help you, where abouts left you,
Ile proceed.
Tho you beget 'tis I must helpe to breed,
Speake what ist, Ide faine conceaue it.

Wit. So, so, so, thou shalt presently take the name and forme vpon thee of a rich country widdow, foure hundred a yeare valiant, in Woods, in Bullocks, in Barnes, and in Rye-stacks, weele to London, and to my couetous Vncle.

Curt. I begin to applaud thee, our States being both desperate, they are soone resolute, but how for horses?

Wit. Masse that's true, the left will be of some continuance, let mee see, Horses now, a bottes on em: Stay, I haue acquaintance with a madde Host, never yet Baud to thee, I haue rinzde the whoresons gummes in Mull-sack many a time and often, put but a good Tale into his eare now, so he comes off cleanly, and there's Horse and man for vs I dare warrant thee.

Curt. Arme your wittes then speedily, there shall want nothing in me, either in behaviour, discourse or fashion, that shall d scredit your intended purpose.

I will so art-fully disguise my wants,
And set so good a courage on my state,
That I will be beleeued.

Wit. Why then all's furnisht: I shall goe nigh to catch that olde Foxe mine Vncle, tho he make but some amends for my vndooing, yet there's some comfort in't —he cannot otherwise choose (though it bee but in hope to coozen mee agen) but supply any hasty want that I bring to towne with mee, the Deuice well and cunningly carryed, the name of a rich Widdow, and foure hundred a yeare in good earth, will so conjure vp a kinde of Vsurers loue in him to mee, that hee will not onely desire my presence, which at first shall scarce be granted him, I'le keepe off a purpose, but I shall find him so officious to deserue, so ready to supply, I know the state of an old mans affection so well, if his Nephew bee poore indeed, why hee leaues God alone with him. but if he be once rich, then heele bee the first man that helpes him.

Cur. Tis right the world, for in these dayes an olde mans loue to his kindred is like his kiudnes to his Wife, 'tis alwayes done before he comes at it.

Wit. I owe thee for that left, bee gone heeres all my wealth prepare thy selfe, away: Ile to mine Host with all possible haste, & with the best Art, & most profitable forme, powre the sweet

circum-

cie conceiues into his eare, which shall haue the guift to turne all the waxe to hunny, how no; oh the right worshipfull Seniors of our Country ———

1. Whose that?

2. Oh the common rioter, take no note of him.

Wing. You will not see me now, the comfort is ere it be long you will scarce see your selues.

1. I wonder how hee breathes, ha's consumd all vpp on that Curtezan?

2. We haue heard so much.

1. You haue heard all truth, his Vncle and my brother haue beene these three yeares mortall aduersaries. Two olde tough spirits, they seldome meete but fight, or quarrell when tis calmest;

I thinke their anger be the very fire
That keepes their age alue,

2. What was the quarrell sir?

1. Faith about a purchase, fetching ouer a young heyre; Maister Floyd my brother hauing wasted much time in beating the bargaine, what did me old *Lucre*, but as his conscience moou'd him, knowing the poore Gentleman, stept in betweene e'm and couzened him himselfe.

2. And was this all sir?

1. This was ee'n it sir, yet for all this I know no reason but the match might goe forward betwixt his wiues sonne and my Neece, what tho there be a dissention betweene the two olde men, I see no reason it should put a difference betweeue the two younger, 'tis as naturall for old folks to fall out, as for yong to fall in? A Scholler comes a wooing to my Neece, well, hee's wise, but hee's poore, her Son comes a wooing to my Neece, well, hee's a foole but hee's rich ———

2. I marry sir?

1. Pray now is not a rich foole better then a poore Philosopher?

2. One would thinke so yfaith:

1. She now remaines at London with my brother her second

Vncle

Vncle to learne fashions, practise Musique, the voyce betweene her lips, and the viol betweene her legges, shee le bee fit for a consort very speedily, a thousand good pound is her portion, if she marry weel ride vp and be merry.—

3. A match, if it be a match? *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore, Wit-good, *at the other* Host.

Wit. Mine Host?

Host. Young maister *Wit-good.*

Wit. I haue beene laying all the towne for thee.

Host. Why whats the newes Bully Had-land?

Wit. What Geldings are in the house of thine owne? answer me to that first.

Host. Why man, why?

Wit. Marke me what I say, Ile tell thee such a tale in thine eare, that thou shalt trust me spite of thy teeth, furnish me with some money wille, nille, and ride vp with me thy selfe, *Contra voluntatem at professionem.*

Host. How, let me see this tricke, and Ile say thou hast more Art then a Coniurer.

Wit. Dost thou ioy in my aduancement?

Host. Doe I loue Sack and Ginger?

Wit Comes my prosperity desiredly to thee?

Host. Come forfeitures to a Vsurer, fees to an officer, Punkes to an Host, and Pigs to a Parson desiredly? why then ias

Wit. Will the report of a Widdow of foure hundred a yeare boy, make thee leape, and sing, and dance, and come to thy place agen.

Host. Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit, coniure me into any shape.

Wit. I ha brought her from her friends, turnde backe the Horses by a slight, not so much as one amongst her fine men, goodly large Yeomanly fellowes, will she trust with this her purpose: by this light all vnmand: regardlesse of her state, neglectfull of vaine-glorious ceremony, all for my loue: oh 'tis a

 fine

See sticke voluble toung mine Host that wins a widdow.

Host. No 'tis a tongue with a great T. my boy that winnes a widdow.

Wit. Now sir, the case stands thus, good mine Host, if thou lou'st my happines assist me.

Host. Command all my beasts ith house.

Wit. Nay that's not all neither, prethee take truce with thy Ioy, and listen to mee, thou know'st I haue a wealthy Vncle i'th Citty, some-what the wealthier by my follyes; the report of this fortune well aud cunningly carried, might be a meanes to draw some goodnes from the Vsuring Rascall, for I haue put her in hope already of some estate that I haue either in land or money: now if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but a sodaine breach of our loue, vtter dissolution of the match and confusion of my fortunes for euer.

Host. Wilt thou but trust the managing of thy busines with mee?

Wit. With thee? why will I desire to thriue in my purpose? will I hugge foure hundred a yeare? I that know the misery of nothing: will that man wish a rich Widdow, that has nere a hole to put his head in? with thee mine Host, why beleeue it, sooner with thee then with a Couy of Counsellors?

Host. Thanke you for your good report ifaith sir, and if I stand you not in steed, why then let an Host come off *Hic & hic hostis*, a deadly enemy to dice drinke and Venery; come where's this widdow?

Wit. Hard at Parke end.

Host. Ile be her Seruing man for once.

VVit. Why there we let off together, keepe full time, my thoughts were striking then iust the same number.

Host. I knew't, shall we then see our merry dayes agen?

Wit. Our merry nights --which nere shall be more seene.

Exeunt.

Enter

THE OLD ONE.

Enter at seuerall doores, old Lucre, *and old* Hoard, *Gentlemen comming betweene them, to pacifie them.*

Lamp. Nay good Maister *Lucre*, and you maister *Hoard*, anger is the winde which you'r both too much troubled withall.

Hoard. Shall my aduersary thus dayly affront me, ripping vp the old wound of our mallice, which three Summers could not close vp, into which wound the very sight of him, drops scalding lead in stead of Balsamum.

Lu. Why *Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard*, may I not passe in the state of quietnesse to mine owne house, answer mee to that, before witnesse, and why? Ile referre the cause to honest euen-minded Gentlemen, or require the meere indifferences of the Lawe, to decide this matter, I got the purchase, true; wast't not any mans case? yes, will a wise man stand as a Bawd, whilst another wipes his nose of the bargaine, no, I answer no in that case.

Lamp. Nay sweet Maister *Lucre*.

Hoard. Was it the part of a friend: no rather of a Iew, marke what I say, when I had beaten the bush to the last bird, or as I may terme it, the price to a pound, then like a cunning Vsurer to come in the euening of the bargaine, and gleane all my hopes in a minute, to enter as it were at the backdoore of the purchase, for thou nere camst the right way by it.

Luc. Hast thou the conscience to tell me so, without any impeachment to thy selfe?

Hoard. thou that canst defeat thy own Nephew, *Lucre*, lap his lands into bonds, and take the extremity of thy kindreds forfeitures because hees a rioter a wast-thrift, a brethell-maister, and so forth---what may a Stranger expect from thee, but *Vulnera delacerata*, as the Poet sayes, delacerate dealing?

Luc. Vpbraidest thou me with Nephew? is all imputation laid vppon me? what acquaintance haue I with his follyes, if hee riot, 'tis hee must want it, if he surfet 'tis hee must feele it

If he Drab it, 'tis he must lye by't, what's this to me?

Hoard. What's all to thee? nothing, nothing: such is the guile of thy desire and the Wolfe of thy conscience, but be assured old pecunious Lucre, if euer fortune so bleile me, that I may be at leisure to vexe thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate, spirit of mallice, vnrepressed wrath, that I will blast thy comforts.

Lu. Ha, ha, ha!

Lamp. Nay Maister *Hoard* you're a wise Gentleman.

Hoard. I will so crosse thee,

Luc. And I thee.

Hoard. So without mercy fret thee,

Lu. So monstrously oppose thee?

Hoard. Doost scoffe at my iust anger? oh that I had as much power as Vsury ha's ouer thee?

Luc. Then thou wouldst haue as much power as the Deuill ha's ouer thee.

Hoard. Toade?

Luc. Aspick.

Hoard. Serpent.

Luc. Viper.

Spi. Nay Gentlemen, then we must diuide you perforce.

Lamp. When the fire growes too vnreasonable hot, there's no better way then to take off the wood. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sam *and* Monylone.

Sam. A word good Signior.

Mony. How now, whats the newes?

Sam. 'Tis giuen mee to vnderstand that you are a riuall of mine in the loue of Mistris *Ioyce*, Maister *Hoards* Neece: say me I, say me no.

Mony. Yes, tis so.

Sam. Then looke to your selfe, you cannot liue long, I'me practising euery morning, a Moneth hence Ile challenge you.

Mony

Mony. Giue mee your hand vppon't there's my pledge I meete you? *Strikes him.* *Exit.*

Sam. Oh, oh —what reason had you for that sir to strike before the month, you knew I was not ready for you, and that made you so cranke, I am not such a coward to strike agen I warrant you, my eare ha's the law of her side for it burnes horribly, I will teach him to strike a naked face, the longest day of his life, sud it shall cost me some money, but Ile bring this boue into the Chancery. *Exit.*

Enter Wit-good *and the* Host.

Host. Feare you nothing sir, I haue lodg'd her in a house of credit I warrant you.

Wit. Hast thou the writinge?

Host. Firme sir.

Wit. Prethee stay, and behold two the most prodigious rascalls that euer slipt into the shape of men, *Dampie* sirrah, and young *Gulfe* his fellow Caterpiller.

Host. *Dampie*, sure I haue heard of that *Dampie*.

Wit. Heard of him? why man he that has lost both his eares may heare of him, a famous infamous Tramoler of time, his owne phraze; note him well, that *Dampie* sirrah, he in the viseuen Beard and the Serge cloake, is the most notorious, vilizing, blasphemous, Atheist-call, Brothell, vomiting rascall, that we haue in these latter times now extant, whose first beginning was the stealing of a mastye Dogge from a Farmers house.

Host. He looke as if he would obey the commandement well when he first began with stealing.

Wit. True, the next towne he came at, he set the Dogges together by the eares.

Host. A signe he should follow the law by my faith.

Wit. So it followed indeede, and beeing destitute of all fortunes, stake his masty against a Noble, and by great fortune his Dogge had the day, how hee made it vp ten shillings I know not, but his owne boast is, that he came to Towne but

 with

with ten shillings in his purse, and now is credibly worth ten thousand pound.

Hab. How the Diuell came he by it?

Wit. How the Diuell came hee not by it, if you put in the Deuill euer riches come with a vengeance, has beene a Trampler of the Law sir, and the diuell ha's a care of his footemen, the Rogue has spied me now, hee nibled me finely once too; a pox search you, ohmaister *Dampie*, the very loynes of thee crie you mercy maister *Gulfe*, you walke so lowe I promise you I saw you not sir.

Gulf. Heere that walkes low walkes safe, the Poets tell vs.

Wit. And nier Hell by a foot and a halfe then the rest of his fellowes, but my old *Harry*.

Damp. My sweet *Theodorus*

Wit. 'Twas a merry world when thou cam'st to towne with ten shillings in thy purse.

Damp. And now worth ten thousand pound my Boye; report is *Harry Dampie*, a trampler of time, say, he would be vp in a morning, and be heere with his Serge Gowne, dashe vp to the bane in a cause, haue his feet stincke about Westminster hall and come home agen; see the Galleoons, the Galleasses the great Armadoes of the Lawe, then there bee Hoyes and pretty vessells, Owers and Scullers of the time, there be picklocks of the time too, then would I bee heere, I would trample vp and downe like a mule: now to the Iudges, may it please your reuerend--honorable father-hoods: then to my Counsellor, may it please your worshipfull patience, then to the examiners Office, may it please your Maistershippes Gentlenesse, then to one of the Clarkes, may it please your worshipfull Lowzinesse, for I find him scrubbing in his Codpeice, then to the hall agen, then to the Chamber agen:

Wit. And when to the sellar agen?

Damp. E'en when thou wilt agen: Tramplers of time, Mothers of Fleet-streete, and Visions of Holborne, heere I haue

fees

fees of one, there I haue fees of another, my clients come about me, the Foolisminy and Coxs-combry of the Country, I still trasht and trotted for other mens causes, thus was poore *Harry Dampit* made rich by others lazinesse, who, tho they would not follow their owne Suites, I made em follow me with their purses.

Wit. Didst thou so old *Harry?*

Damp. I, and I louc st e'm with billes of charges ifaith, twenty pound a yeare haue I brought in for boat-hire, and I nere stept into boat in my life.

Wit. Tramplers of time.

Dampit. I Tramplers of time, Rascalls of time Bulbeggers.

Wit. Ah thou'rt a mad old *Harry?* kinde Maister *Gulfe*, I am bould to renew my acquaintance.

Gulf. I embrace it sir:

Musicke. *Exeunt.*

Incipit. Act. 2.

Enter Lucro.

Lucro. My Aduersary euermore twittes mee with my Nephew forsooth my Nephew: why may not a vertuous vncle haue a dissolute Nephew? what tho he be a Brotheller, a wast-thrift, a common Surfetter, and to conclude a begger, must sinne in him, call vp shame in mee: since wee haue no part in their follyes, why should we haue part in their infamies? for my strickt hand toward his morgage that I denie not, I confesse I had an Vncles penworth: let me see, halfe in halfe, true, I saw neither hope of his reclaiming nor comfort in his being, and was it not then better bestow'd vppon his Vncle, then vppon one of his Aunts, I need not say Baude, for euery owne knowes what Aunt stands for in the last Translation now sir.

Ser.

Ser 2. There's a Country Seruingman sir, attends to speake with your worship.

Lue. Ime at best leasure now, send him in to me.

Enter Host like a Seruingman.

Host. Blesse your venerable worship.

Lu. Welcome good fellow.

Host. He calls me theefe at first sight, yet he little thinkes I am an Host.

Lue. What's thy busines with me?

Host. Faith sir, I am sent from my Mistris to any sufficient Gentleman indeed, to aske aduise vppon a doubtfull point, 'tis indifferent sure whom I come, for I know none, nor did my Mistris direct mee to any particular man, for shees as meere a stranger heere as my selfe, onely I found your worship within, and 'tis a thing I euer lou'd sir to be dispatcht as soone as I can.

Lu. A good blunt honesty, I like him wel what is thy mistris?

Host. Faith a Country Gentlewoman & a widdow sir, yesterday was the first flight of vs, but now she intends to stay till a little tearme busines be ended.

Lu. Her name I prethee?

Host. It runnes there in the writings sir among her Lands, widdow Medler.

Lu. Medler: masse I haue nere heard of that widdow?

Host. Yes, I warrant you haue you sir, not the rich widdow in Staffordshire.

Lu. Cuds me, there 'tis indeed, thou hast put me into memory, ther's a widdow indeede, ah that I were a batcheller agen.

Host. No doubt your worship might do much then, but shees fairely promist to a batchellor already.

Lu. Ah what is he I prethee?

Host. A Country Gentleman too, one whom your worship knowes not Ime sure: ha's spent some few follyes in his youth, but marriage by my faith begins to call him home, my Mistris loues him sir, and loue couers faultes you know, one Master *Witt-good* if euer you haue heard of the Gentleman.

Lu. Ha *Witt-good* sayst thou?

Host.

Host. Thats his name indeede sir; my Mistris is like to bring him to a goodly sean yonder, foure hundred a yeare by my faith.

Luc. But I prey take me with you.

Host. I sir.

Luc. What Countryman might this young *Wit-good* bee?

Host. A Lestershire gentleman sir.

Luc. My Nephew, byth' Masse my Nephew, Ile fetch out more of this yfaith a simple Country fellow, Ile worke out of him, and is that Gentleman sayest thou presently to marry her?

Host. Faith he brought her vp to towne sir, ha's the best card in all the bunch for't, her heart: and I know my Mistris will be married, ere she goe downe, nay Ile sweare that, for shees none of those widdowes that will goe downe first, and bee married after, she hates that I can tell you sir.

Luc. By my faith sir, she is like to haue a proper Gentleman and a comely, Ile giue her that gift?

Host. Why does your worship know him sir?

Luc. I know him? does not all the world know him, can a man of such exquisite qualities be hid vnder a bushell?

Host. Then your worship may saue mee a labour, for I had charge giuen me to inquire after him.

Luc. Enquire of him? if I might counsell thee, thou shouldst here trouble thy selfe further, enquire of him no more but of mee, Ile fit thee? I grant he has beene youthfull, but is hee not now reclaimde: marke you that sir, has not your Mistris thinke you beene wanton in her youth? if men bee wagges are there not women wagtayles?

Host. No doubt sir.

Luc. Does not he returne wisest, that comes home whipt with his owne follies.

Host. Why very true sir.

Luc. The worst report you can heare of him I can tell you is that he has beene a kinde Gentleman, a liberall and a' thy, who but lusty *Wit-good*, thrice noble *Wit-good*.

Host. Since your worship has so much knowledge

cannot resolue mee Sir what his liuing might bee; my duty binders me sir to haue a care of my mistris estate, she has beene euer a good mistris to mee though I say it, many wealthy Suiters has shee Nonsuited for his sake, yet though her Loue bee so fast, a man cannot tell whether his Non-performance may helpe to remoue it sir; hee makes vs beleeue hee has lands and liuing.

Luc. Who young maister *Wit-good?* why beleeue it hee has as goodly a fine liuing out yonder, what doe you call the place?

Host. Nay I know not ifaith.

Lu. Hum see like a beast if I haue not forgot the name, mah, and our yonder agen, goodly growne woods and faire meadowes; pax on, I can nere hit of that place neither, ha? why hee's *Wit-good* of *Wit-good-Hall*, hee, an vnknowne shine.

Host. Is he so sir, to see how rumor will alter, trust mee sir we heard once he had no lands, but all lay morgag'd to an Vncle he has in towne heere.

Lu. Push, tis a tale, tis a tale.

Host. I can assure you sir 'twas credibly reported to my Mistris.

Lu. Why doe you thinke ifaith hee was euer so simple to morgage his lands to his Vncle? or his Vncle so vnnaturall to take the extremity of such a morgage.

Host. That was my saying still sir.

Lu. Pub, nere thinke it.

Host. Yet that report goes currant.

Luc. Nay then you vrge me,
Cannot I tell that best that am his Vncle?

Host. How sir? what haue I done.

Luc. Why how now in a towne, man.

Host. Is your worship his Vncle sir.

Lu. Can that be any harme to you sir.

Ost. I do beseech you sir doe me the fauour to conceale it, Beast was I to vtter so much: pray sir doe mee the fauour to keepe it in, I shall haue my coate pull'd ore my eares,

eares, ant should bee knowne, for the truth is an't please your worship to preuent much rumor and many suitors, they intend to be married very suddenly and priuately.

Lucre. And dost thou thinke it stands with my iudgement to doe them iniury, must I needes say the knowledge of this marriage comes from thee? am I a foole at fifty foure? doe I lacke subtilty now that haue got all my wealth by it? there's a leaſh of Angells for thee, come let me woo thee speak where lie they?

Host. So I might haue no anger sir—

Luc. Passion of me not a iot, prethee come.

Host. I would not haue it knowne sir, it came by my meanes.

Luc. Why, am I a man of wisedome?

Host. I dare trust your worship sir, but I'me a stranger to your house, and to auoyde all intelligencers I desire your worships eare.

Luc. This fellowes worth a matter of trust—come sir, why now thou'rt an honest lad: ah sirrah Nephew?

Host. Please you sir now I haue begunne with your worship when shall I attend for your aduice yppon that doubtfull point, I must come warily now.

Luc. Tut, feare thou nothing, to morrows euening shall resolue the doubt.

Host. The time shall cause my attendance.

Exit.

Lucre. Fare thee well: there's more true honesty in such a Country Seruingman, then in a hundred of our cloake companions, I may well call e'm companions, for since blew coates haue beene turn'd into cloakes, wee can scarce know the man from the Maister---*George*---

Geo. Anon sir?

Luc. List hether,--keepe the place secret, commend mee to my Nephew, I know no cause tell him but hee might see his Vncle?

Geo. I will sir.

Luc. And doe you heare sir, take heede you vse him with respect and duty.

Geo. Here's a strange alteration, one day he must be turnd out like a begger, and now he must be cald in like a Knight. *Exit.*

Luc. Ah Sirrah, that rich widdow, 400. a yeare, beside I heare shee I aver claime to a title to a hundred more, this falls vnhappily that he should beare a grudge to mee now, being likely to proue so rich, what ist tro that he makes mee a stranger for? hum, I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I couzened him, hee deceiues mee then? good heauen, who would haue thought it would euer haue come to this passe,--- yet hee's a proper Gentleman ifaith, giue him his due----marry that's his Morgage, but that I nere meane to giue him, ile make him rich inough in words if that be good, and if it come to a piece of mony I will not greatly sticke fort, there may bee hope some of the widdowes lands too, may one day fall vppon me if things be carried wisely: now sir where is hee?

Geo. He desires your worship to hold him excusd, he has such weighty busines it commands him wholly from all men.

Luc. Were those my Nephewes words?

Geo. Yes indeed sir.

Luc. When men grow rich they grow proud too, I perceiue that, hee would not haue sent me such an answere once within this twelue month, see what tis when a man comes to his lands, returne to him agen sir, tell him his Vncle desires his company for an hower Ile trouble him but an hower say, tis for his owne good tell him, and doe you heare sir, put worship vpon him, go too, do as I bid you, hee's like to bee a Gentleman of worship very shortly

Geo. This is good sport ifaith. *Exit.*

Luc. Troth he vses his Vncle discourteously now, can he tell what I may do for him, goodnes may come from me in a minute that comes not in seauen yeare agen, hee knowes my humour I am not so vsually good, tis no small thing that drawes kindnes fró me, he may know that, and he will; the chiefe cause that inuites me to do him most good, is the suddaine astonishing of

ould

ould *Heard* my Aduersary, how pale his mallice will looke at my Nephewes Aduancement, with what a deiected Spirit hee will behold his Fortunes, whom but last day, hee proclaymde Rioter, Penurious Make-shift, despised Brothell Maister; ha, ha, 'twill doe me more secret ioy then my last purchase, more pretious comfort then all these widdowes Reuennewes,—— Now Sir.——

Enter Wit-good.

Geo. With much intreaty hee's at length come sir,

Luc. O Nephew, let me salute you sir, you'r welcome Nephew

Wit. Vncle I thanke you.

Luc. Y'aue a fault Nephew, you'r a stranger here, well Heauen giue you ioy.

Wit. Of what sir?

Luc. Hah we can heare.

You might haue knowne your Vncles house ifaith, you and your widdow, go too, you were too blame; it I may tell you so without offence.

Wit. How could you heare of that sir?

Lu. Oh pardon me,

It was your will to haue kept it from me I perceiue now.

Wit. Not for any defect of loue I protest Vncle.

Lu. Oh 'twas vnkindnes Nephew, fie, fie, fie.

Wit. I am sorry you take it in that sence sir.

Luc. Puh you cannot colour it ifaith Nephew.

Wit. Will you but heare what I can say in my iust excuse sir.

Luc. Yes faith will I and welcome.

Wit. You that know my danger ith Citty sir so well, how great my debts are, and how extreame my Creditors, could not out of your pure iudgement sir haue wisht vs hither.

Luc. Mas a firme reason indeed,

Wit. Else my Vncles house, why 'tad beene the onely make-Match—— *Luc.* Nay and thy credit.

Wit. My credit? nay my countenance, push, nay I know vncle you would haue wrought it so by your wit, you would haue made her beleeue in time the whole house had beene mine——

Luc. I and most of the goods too———

Wit. La you there, well let e'm all prate what they will there nothing like the bringing of a widdow to ones Vncles house.

Luc. Nay let Nephewes be rulde as they list they shall finde their Vncles house the most naturall place when all's done.

Wit. There they may be bold.

Luc. Life, they may do any thing there man, and feare neither Beadle nor Somner, an Vncles house! a very coale harbour? Sirra, Ile touch thee neer now, hast thou so much interest in thy widdow, that by a token thou couldst presently send for her?

Wit. Troth I thinke I can Vncle.

Luc. Go too, let me see thee?

Wit. Pray command one of your men hither vncle,

Luc. George?

Geor. Heere sir.

Luc. Attend my Nephew? I loue a life to prattle with a rich widdow, tis pretty me thinkes when our tongues goe together and then to promise much and performe little; I loue that sport a life ysaith, yet I am in the mood now to do my Nephew some good, if he take me handsomely what haue you dispatcht?

Wit. I ha sent sir?

Luc. Yet I must condemne you of vnkindnes Nephew.

Wit. Heauen forbid Vncle?

Luc. Yes faith must I; say your debts be many, your creditors importunate, yet the kindnesse of a thing is all Nephew, you might haue sent me word on't without the least danger or preiudice to your fortunes.

Wit. Troth I confesse it Vncle, I was too blame there, but indeed my intent was to haue clapt it vp suddainely, and so haue broke forth like a ioy to my friends, and a wonder to the world, beside there's a trifle of a forty pound matter toward the setting of me forth, my friends should nere haue knowne on't, I meant to make shift for that my selfe.

Luc. How Nephew? let me not heare such a word agen, I beseech you,—shall I be beholding to you?

Wit. To me a'asse, what doe you meane Vncle?

Luc.

Lu. I charge you vppon my loue: you trouble no body but my selfe.

Wit. Y'aue no reason for that Vncle.

Luc. Troth I'le nere be friends with you while you liue and you doe.

Wit. Nay and you say so Vncle, heere's my hand, I will not doe't———

Lu. Why well said theres some in thee when thou wilt bee rulde, Ile make it vp fifty ifaith because I see thee so reclaimd; peace, heere comes my Wife with *Sam* her tother husbands Sonne. *Wit.* Good Aunt---

Sa. Couzẽ *Wit-good*? I reioyce in my salute, you'r most welcome to this Noble Citty gouern'd with the sword in the scabbard,

Wit. And the wit in the pommell, good Maister *Sam freedome* I returne the salute.

Luc. By the masse shee's comming wife, let me see now how thou wilt entertaine her.

Wife. I hope I am not to learne sir, to entertaine a Widdow, tis not so long agoe since I was one my selfe.

Wit. Vncle?

Lu. Shee's come indeed.

Wit. My Vncle was desirous to see you Widdow, and I presumed to inuite you.

Cur. The presumption was nothing Maister *Wit-good*, is this your Vncle sir?

Lu. Marry am I sweet widdow, and his good Vncle he shall find me, I by this smack that I giue thee, thou're welcome, wife bid the widdow welcome the same way agen.

Sam. I am a Gentleman now too by my fathers occupation, and I see no reason but I may kisse a widdow by my Fathers Coppy, truely I think the Charter is not against it, surely these are the wordes, the Sonne once a Gentleman, may reuell it, tho his father were a dauber, tis about the 15 page, Ile to her--

Luc. Y'are not very busie now, a worde with thee sweete widdow———

Sam. Coades-Nigs, I was neuer so discrac'st, since the houre my mother whipt me.

Luc.

Luc. Beside, I haue no child of mine owne to care for, shee's my second wife, old, past bearing, clap sure to him widdow, he's like to be my heyre I can tell you.

Cur. Is he so sir.

Luc. He knowes it already, and the knaues proud on't, iolly rich widdowes haue been offerd him heere ith Citty, great marchants wiues, and do you thinke he will once looke vpon e'm? forsooth heele none, you are beholding to him ith Country then; ere we could be, nay, Ile hold a wager widdow if he were once knowne to be in towne, he would be presently sought after, nay and happy were they that could catch him first.

Cur. I thinke so.

Lu. Oh, there would be such running too and fro widdow, he should not passe the streets for e'm: hee'd bee tooke vp in one great house or other presently, fah, they know hee has it and must haue it; you see this house heere widdow, this house and all comes to him, goodly roomes ready furnisht, seeld with plaister of Paris, and all hung about with cloth of Arras. Nephew?

Wit. Sir.

Luc. Shew the widdowe your house, carry her into all the Roomes, and bid her welcome, -- you shall see widdow -- Nephew? -- strike all sure about and thou bee'st a good boy -- ah --

Wit. Alasse sir, I know not how she would take it.

Lu. The right way Ile warrant tee, a poxe, art an asse, would I were in thy stead, get you vp, I am asham'd of you, sot let e'm agree as they will now? many a match has been struck vp in my house a this fashion, let e'm try all manner of wayes still there's nothing like an Vncles house to strike the stroke in, -- Ile hold my wife in talke a little, now *Gimmer*, your sonne there goes a wooing to a poore Gentlewoman but of 1000. portion, see my Nephew, a lad of lesse hope, strikes at foure hundred a yeare in good Rubbish.

Wif. Well we must doe as we may sir.

Luc. Ile haue his money ready told for him, againe he come downe, let me see too, byth' masse I must present the widdowe with some Iewell, a good piece of plate or such a deuice, twill

hearten

harten her on well, I haue a very faire standing Cup, and a good hie standing cup wil please a widdow aboue al other pieces. *Ex.*

Wif. Do you mocke vs with your Nephew, I haue a plot in my head sonne, ifaith husband to crosse you.

Sam. Is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother?

Wif. Tis a plot shall vex him, *I* charge you of my blessing Sonne *Sam*, that you presently withdrawe the Action of your loue from Maister *Hoards* Neece.

Sam. How mother.

Wif. Nay *I* haue a plot in my head ifaith, here take this chaine of gold and this faire Diamond, dog me the widdow home to her lodging, and at thy best opportunity fasten e'm both vpon her ---nay *I* haue a reach, *I* can tell you thou art known what thou art sonne among the right worshipfull, all the twelue companies.

Sam. Truly *I* thanke e'm for it.

Wif. He he's a scab to thee, and so certifie her, thou hast two hundred a yeare of thy selfe, besides thy good parts---a proper person & a louely, if *I* were a widdow *I* could finde in my heart to haue thee my selfe, sonne, *I* from em all.

Sam. Thanke you for your good will mother, but indeed *I* had rather haue a stranger: and if *I* wo her not in that violent fashion, that *I* will make her be glad to take these guiftes ere *I* leaue her, let me neuer be called the heire of your body.

Wif. Nay *I* know theres enough in you sonne if you once come to put it forth.

Sam. *I*le quickly make a Bolt or a shaft out. *Exeunt*

Enter Hoord *and* Monylove.

Mo. Faith Maister *Hoord*, *I* haue bestowed many months in the suit of your Neece, such was the deare loue *I* euer bore to her vertues, but since she hath so extreamely denied mee, *I* am to lay out for my fortunes else where.

Hoor. Heauen forbid but you should sir, *I* euer told you my Neece stood otherwise affected.

Mo. *I* must confesse you did sir, yet in regard of my great losse of time, and the zeale with which *I* sought your Neece, shall *I* desire one fauour of your worship.

Hoord

Hoo. In regard of those two tis hard but you shall sir,

Mon. I shall rest gratefull, tis not full 3, howers sir, since the happy rumor of a rich country widdow came to my hearing.

Hoo. How, a rich Country widdow?

Mon. Foure hundred a yeare landed.

Hoo. Yea?

Mon. Most firme sir, and I haue learnt her lodging, here my suite begins sir, if I might but intreat your worshippe to bee a countenance for mee, and speake a good word: for your words will passe, I nothing doubt, but I might set faire for the widdowe, me shall your labour end altogither in thankes, two hundred Angelles—

Hoo. So, ha, what suiters has shee?

Mon. These lie the comfort sir, the report of her is yet but a whisper, and onely solicited by young riotous *Wit-good*, Nephew to your mortall aduersary.

Hoo. Ha? art certaine he's her suiter?

Mo. Most certaine sir, and his Vncle very industrious to begeile the widdow and make vp the match.

Hoo. Sot very good.

Mo. Now sir, you know this young *Wit-good* is a spend-thrift-dissolute fellow.

Hoo. A very raskall.

Mon. A mid-night surfetter.

Aco. The spume of a Brothel-house.

Mon. True sir, which being well tould in your worshippes phraze, may both beare him out of her minde, and driue a faire way for me to the widdowes affections.

Hoo. Attend me about 5.

Mon. With my best care sir. *Exit.*

Hoo. Foole, thou hast left thy treasure with a thiefe, to trust a widdower with a suite in loue, happy reuenge I hug thee, I haue not onely the meanes laid before mee, extreamly to crosse my aduersary, and confound the last hopes of his Nephew, but therby to enrich my state; augment my reuennewes, and build mine owne fortunes greater, ha, h.

Ile marre your phraze, ere-turne your flatteries,

Vado

Vn do your windings, pollicies, and plots,
Fall like a secret and dispatchfull plague on your secured comforts, why I am able to buy 3. of *Lucre*, thrice out-bid him, let my out-monies be reckoned and all.

Enter three Creditors.

1. I am glad of this newes. 2. So are we by my faith.
3. Young *Wit-good* will be a gallant agen now.
Hoord. Peace.
1. I promise you maister Cock-pit she's a mighty rich widdow.
2. Why, haue you euer heard of her?
1. Who widdow Medler? she lies open to much rumour.
3. Foure hundred a yeare they say in very good land.
1. Takt of my word, if you beleeue that you beleeue the least.
2. And to see how close he keepes it.
1. Oh sir, theres pollicy in that to preuent better suitors.
3. He owes me a hundred pound, and I protest I nere lookt for a penny:
1. Hee little dreames of our comming, heele wonder to see his creditors vppon him. *Exeunt.*
Hoo. Good, his Creditors, ile follow, this makes for me, all know the widdowes wealth, and tis well knowne I can estate her fairely and I will.
In this one chance shines a twise happy Fate,
I both deiect my foe and raise my state.
Musick. *Exit.*

Incipit. Act. 3.

Wit-good *with his Creditors.*

Wit. Why alasse, my Creditors? could you find no other time to vndo me but now, rather your mallice appeares in this then the iustnes of the debt.
1. Maister *Wit-good* I haue forborne my money long.
Wit. I pray speake low sir, what doe you meane?
2. We heare you are to be married sodainely to a rich Country widdow.
Wit. What can be kept so close but you Creditors heare on't, wel, tis a lamentable state, that our chiefest aflicters should first

heare of our fortunes, why this is no good course faith sirs, if euer you hope to be satisfied, why doe you seeke to confound the meanes that should worke it, theres neither piety nor policy in that, shine fauorably now, why I may rise and spread again to your great comforts. 1. Hee sayes true ifaith.

Wit. Remoue me now and I consume for euer.

2. Sweet Gentleman?

Wit. How can it thriue which from the Sun you seuer.

3. It cannot indeed?

Wit. Oh then show patience, I shall haue ynough to satisfie

1. If we could be content a shame take vs. (you all.

Wit. For looke you, I am but newly sure yet to the widdow, & what a Rend might this discredit make: within these 3. daies will I bind you lands for your securities.

1. No good maister *Wit good*,

Would 'twere as much as we dare trust you with.

Wit. *I* know you haue been kind, how euer now either by wrong report, or false incitement your gentlenes is iniurde, in such a state as this a man cannot want foes.

If on the suddaine he begin to rise,

No man that liues can count his enemies.

You had some intelligence *I* warrant you from an ill-willer.

2. Faith wee heard you broughs vp a rich widdow sir, and were suddenly to marry her.

Wit. *I*, why there it was, *I* knew twas so, but since you are so well resolu'd of my faith toward you, let me be so much fauor'd of you, *I* beseech you all ————

All. Oh, it shall not need ifaith sir, ————

Wit. As to lie still a while and bury my debts in silence, till *I* be fully possest of the Widdow, for the truth is *I* may tell you as my friends ———— *All.* Oh --o--o---

Wit. *I* am to raise a little mony in the Citty, toward the setting forth of my selfe for mine owne credit, and your comfort, now if my former debts should be diuulg'd, all hope of my proceedings were quite extinguisht.

1. Do you heare sir, *I* may deserue your custome heereafter, pray let my mony be accepted before a strangers, heer's forty

pound

pound I receiu'd as I came to you, if that may stand you in any stead make vse on't may pray sir, tis at your seruice———

Wit. You doe so rauish pace with kindnesse, that I'me constrained, to play the maid and take it.

1. Let none of them see it I beseech you.

Wit. Fah—

1. I hope I shall be first in your remembrance after the marriage rites. *Wit.* Beleeue it firmely.

1. So, what doe you walke Sirs?

2. I goe—take no care sir for money to furnish you, within this houre Ile send you sufficient: come maister Cock-pit wee both stay for you.

3. I ha lost a ring ifaith, Ile follow you presently —but you shall find it sir, I know your youth and expences haue disfurnisht you of all Iewells, theres a Ruby of twenty pound price sir, bestow it vpon your widdow—what man twill call vp her bloud to you, beside if I might so much worke with you, I would not haue you beholding to those blood-suckers for any money. *Wit.* Not I beleeue it.

3. They'r a brace of cut-throats.

Wit. I know e'm.

3. Send a note of all your wants to my shop, and Ile supply you instantly.

Wit. Say you so, why heeres my hand then no man liuing shall doo't but thy selfe.

3. Shall I carry it away from e'm both then.

Wit. Ifaith shalt thou?

3. Troth then I thanke you sir.

Wit. Welcome good maister Cock-pit. *Exit.*

ha, ha, ha? why is not this better now, then lying a bed, I perceiue there's nothing conures vp wit sooner then pouerty, and nothing layes it downe sooner then wealth and lechery? this has some sauor yet, oh that I had the morgage from mine Vncle as sure in possession as these trifles, I would forsweare brothell at noone day, and Muscadine and egges at midnight.

Enter Curtezan.

Cur. Maister *Wit-good* where are you

Wit. Holla. *Cur.* Rich Newes.

Wit. Would twere all in Place.

Cur. There's some in chaines and Iewells, I am so haunted with Suters maister *Wit-good*, I know not which to dispatch first.

Wit. You haue the better terme by my faith.

Cur. Among the number one maister *Hoord* an antient Gentleman.

Wit. Vpon my life my Vncles Aduersary.

Cur. It may well hold so, for he rayles on you,
Speakes shamefully of him. *Wit.* As I could wish it.

Cur. *I* first denied him, but so cunningly,
It rather promisde him assured hopes,
Then any losse of labour. *W.* Excellent.

Cur. *I* expect him euery houre with Gentlemen,
With whom he labours to make good his words,
To approue you riotous, your state consum'd, your Vncle,---

Wit. Wench make vp thy owne fortunes now, doe thy selfe a good tarne once in thy dayes, hee's rich in mony, moueables, and lands,--- marry him, hee's and old doting foole and thou worth all, marry him, twould be a great comfort to mee to see thee doe well ifaith,--- marry him, twould ease my conscience well to see thee well bestow'd, *I* haue a care of thee ifaith.

Cur. Thankes sweet maister *Wit-good*.

Wit. *I* reach at farder happines; first *I* am sure it cau bee no harme to thee, and there may happen goodnesse to me by it, prosecute it well, lets send vp for our wittes, now wee require their best and most pregnant Assistance.

Cur. Step in *I* thinke *I* heere em.

Enter Hoord *and Gentlemen with the Host.* --- *seruingman.*

Hoo. Art thou the widdowes man, by my faith sh'as a company of proper men then.

Host. *I* am the worst of fiue sir, good enough for blew-coates.

Hoo. Hark hether, *I* heare say thou art in most credit with her.

Host. Not so sir.

Hoo. Come, come, thou'rt modest, theres a Brace of royalls preth ee helpe me toth speech of her.

Host

Hoſt. Ile doe what I may ſir, alwaies ſauing my ſelfe harmleſſ

Hoo. Go too, do't I ſay, thou ſhalt heare better from mee.

Hoſt. Is not this a better place then 5. marke a yeare ſtanding wages; ſay a man had but 3. ſuch clients in a day, me thinkes he might make a poore liuing ont, beſides, I was neuer brought vp with ſo little honeſty, to refuſe any mans money neuer; what gulles there are a this ſide the world, now knowe *I* the widdowes mind, none but my young maſter comes in her clutches. ha, ha, ha, *Exit.*

Hoo. Now my deere Gentlemen ſtand firmely to me, you know his follies, and my worth.

1. Wee doe ſir.

2. But Maiſter *Hoord*, are you ſure he is not ith houſe now?

Hoo. Vpon my honeſty I choose this time,
A purpoſe, ſit, the ſpend-thrift is abroad,
Aſſiſt me: here ſhe comes. now my ſweet Widdow,

Cur. Yare welcome Maiſter *Hoord.*

Hoo. Diſpatch, ſweet Gentlemen, diſpatch.
I am come widdow to proue thoſe my words,
Neither of enuy ſprung nor of falſe tongues,
But ſuch as their deſerts and Actions
Doe merit and bring forth, all which theſe Gentlemen well knowne and better reputed will confeſſe.

Cur. I cannot tell,
How my affections may diſpoſe of mee,
But ſurely if they finde him ſo deſertleſſe,
Theyle haue that reaſon to with-draw themſelues
And therefore Gentlemen, I doe entreate you,
As you are faire in reputation,
And in appearing forme, ſo ſhine in truth:
I am a widdow, and alaſſe you knowe,
Soone ouerthrowne, tis a very ſmall thing
That we with-ſtand, our weaknes is ſo great
Be partiall vnto neither, but deliuer,
Without affection your opinion.

Hoo. And that will driue it home,

Cur. Nay *I* beſeech your ſilence Maiſter *Hoord*,
You are a party.

Ho. Widdow? noe a wiud!

1 The better first to worke you to beliefe,
Know neither of vs owe him flattery,
Nor tother malice, but vnbribed censure,
So helpe vs our best fortunes. *Cur.* It suffices.

2 That *Wit-good* is a riotus vndone man,
Imperfect both in fame and in estate;
His debtes weithier then hee, and executions
In waite for his due body, we ele maintaine
With our best credit and our dearest blood.

Cur. Nor land, nor liuing say you, pray take heede you doe not wrong the Gentleman?

1. What wee speake,
Our liues and meanes are ready to make good.

Cur. Alasse, how soone are wee poore soules beguilde?

2 And for his vncle ---

Ho. Let that come to mee,
His Vncle a seuere extortioner,
A Tyrant at a forfeiture, greedy of others miseries,
One that would vndoe his brother; nay swallow
Vp his father, if hee can,
Within the sadomes of his conscience.

1 Nay, believe it widdow,
You had not onely matcht your selfe to wants,
But in an euill and vnnaturall stocke.

Hoo. Follow hard, Gentlemen follow hard:

Curt. Is my loue so deceiu'd, before you all
I doe renounce him, on my knees I vow
He nere shall marry mee---

Wit. Heauen knowes he neuer ment it?

Ho. There, take her at the bound, ---

1 Then with a new and pure affection,
Behold yon Gentleman, graue, kind and rich,
Amatch worthy your selfe, esteeming him,
You doe regard your state, *Hoo.* Ile make her a ioynter say.

1 Hee can ioyne land to land, and will possesse you of what you can desire. 2. Come widdow come.

Curt. The world is so deceitfull?

1. There

1. There is decorum,
Where flattery, want and imperfection lies
But none of these in him pooh———— *Cur.* Pray sir.

1. Come you Widdowes are euer most backward when you should doe your selues most good, but were it to marry a chin not worth a haire now, then you would bee forward inough? come, clap hands a match.

Howd. Wishall my heart Widdow, thanks Gentlemen,
I will deserue you labour and thy loue.

Cur. Alasse you loue not Widdowes but for wealth,
I promise you I ha nothing sir.

Ho. Well said, widdow, well said, thy Loue is all I seeke before these Gentlemen. *Cur.* Now I must hope the best,

Hoo. My loyes are such they want to be expest.

Cur. But maister *Howd*, one thing I must remember you of before these gentlemen your friends, how shall I suddainely anoyde the leached solliciting of that periur'd *Wit-good*, and his Tedious dissembling Vncle, who this very day hath appointed a meeting for the same purpose too, where had not truth come forth, I had beene vtterly vndone, vtterly vndon.

Hoo. What thinke you of that Gentlemen.

1. Twas well deuized.

Hoo. Harke thee widdow, traine out young *Wittgood* single, hasten him thether with thee, somewhat before the houre where at the place appointed, these Gentlemen and my selfe will wait the opportunity, when by some sleight remoning him from thee, wee'le suddenly enter and surprise thee, carry thee away by heat to Cosle-harbour, haue a Priest ready and there clap it vp instantly, how lik'st it widdow?

Cur. In that it pleaseth you it likes me well.

Hoo. Ile kisse thee for those words, come Gentlemen,
Still must I liue a Suitor to your fauoure,
Still to your ayd beholding. 1. We're engag'de sir.
Tis for out credit now to see't well ended.

Hoo. Tis for your honors Gentlemen: nay looke too't,
Not onely in ioy, but I in wealth excell,
No more sweet Widdow, but sweet wife farewell.

Cur. Farewell sir—. *Exeunt.* *Enter* Wit. good.

Wit-

Wit. Oh for more scope, *I* could laugh eternally. Giue you ioy Mistris Hoard, I promise your fortune was good forsooth, y'aue fell vpon wealth enough, and there's young Gentlemen enow can helpe you to the rest: now it requires our wits, carry thy selfe but heedfully now, and we are both—

Hoff. Maister *Wit*-good your Vncle— *Enter* Lucre.

Wit. Cuds me, remoue thy selfe a while, *I*le serue for him:

Lu. Nephew, good morrow Nephew?

Wit. The same to you kinde Vncle.

Luc. How fares the widdow does the meeting hold?

Wit. Oh no question of that sir.

Luc. *I*le strike the stroke then for thee, no more dayes.

Wit. The sooner the better Vncle, oh shee's mightily followd, ——— *Lucre.* And yet so little rumourd.

Wit. Mightily? heere comes one olde Gentleman, and heele make her a leynure of three hundred a yeare forsooth, another wealthy suiter will estate his son in his life time, and make him weigh downe the widdow, here a Marchants son will possesse, her with no lesse then three goodly Lordships at once, which were all pawnes to his Father.

Lu. Peace Nephew, let mee heare no more of e'm, it mads mee, thou shalt preuent e'm all, no words to the widdow of my comming hether, les me see, now tis vpon nine, before twelue, Nephew we will haue the bargaine struck, wee will faith boy.

Wit. Oh my pretious Vncle. *Exit.*

Hoord *and his* Neece.

Hoor. Neece, sweet Neece, prethee haue a care to my house, I leaue all to thy discretion, bee content to dreame a while, *I*le haue a husband for thee shortly, put that care vpon me wench, for in choosing wiues and husbands I am only fortunate, *I* haue that gift giuen me. *Exit.*

Neece. But tis not likely you should choose for me,
Since Nephew to your chiefest enemy:
*I*s he whom I affect: but oh forgetfull,
Why dost thou flatter thy affection so:
With name of him that for a widdowes bed,
Neglects thy purer loue: can it bee so?
Or Joe's report dissemble: how now sir?

Geor. A letter with which came a priuate charge,
Nose. Therein I thanke your care,---I know this hand.
Reades.
Dearer then sight, what the world reports of me, yet believe not, rumor will alter shortly, be thou constant, I am still the same that I was in loue, and I hope to be the same in fortunes.
Theodorus Wit-good.
I am resolude, no more shall feare or doubt,
Raise their pale powers to keepe affection out. *Exit.*
Enter with a Drawer Hoord, *and two Gentlemen.*
Draw. You're welcome Gentlemen, Dicke showe those Gentlemen the Pomgranet there,---*Hoo.* Hist,
Dra. Vp those stayres Gentlemen.
Hoo. Hist Drawer.——— *Dra.* Anon sir.
Hoo. Prethe aske at the Bar if a gentlewomã came not in lately?
Dra. William at the Bar, did you see any Gentlewoman come in lately, speake you I, speake you no.
Within. No, none came in yet but Mistris Florence,
Dra. Hee saies none came in yet sir, but one Mistris Florence.
Hoo. What is that Florence? a widdow!
Dra. Yes, a duch widdow. *Hoo.* How? (row.
Dra. Thats an English drab sir, giue your worship good mor-
Hoo. A merry knaue ifaith, I shal remember a duch widdow the longest day of my life.
1. Did not I vse most art to win the Widdow.
2. You shall pardon me for that sir, Master *Hoord* knowes I tooke her at best vantage.
Hoo. What's that sweet Gentlemen, what's that?
2. He will needes beare me down that his art onely, wrought with the widdow most. (thanke you.
Hoo. Oh you did both well Gentlemen, you did both well, I
1. I was the first that mou'd her. *Hoo.* You were ifaith.
2 But it was I that tooke her at the bound.
Hoo. I, that was you, faith Gentlemen, tis right.
3 I boasted least, but twas I beyond their hands,
Hoo. By'th masse I thinke he did, you did al wel gentlemen, you did all well, contend no more: 1 Come yon roomes fittest
Hoo. True tis next the doore? *Exit.*
Enter Wit-g. Curt. *and* Host.

Dra. Your very welcome, please you to walke vp staires, cloths laid sir.

Curt. Vp staires! troth *I* am very weary Maister *wit-good.*

Wit. Rest your selfe here a while widdow, wee'le haue a cup of Muscadine in this little roome.

Dra. A cup of Muscadine, you shall haue the best sir.

Wit. But do you heare sirrah? *Dra.* Do you call, anon sir.

Wit. What is there prouided for dinner?

Dra. I cannot readily tell you sir, if you please you may goe into the kitchin and see your selfe sir, many Gentlemen of worship doe vse to doe it, I assure you sir.

Host. A prety familiar Priggin rakal, hee has his pearl without hooke?

Wit. Against you are ready to drinke to me, widdow, ile be present to pledge you.

Curt. Nay *I* commend your care, tis done well of you: asse what haue *I* forgot? *Host.* What Mistris?

Curt. I slipt my wedding Ring off when I washt, and left it at my lodging, prethee run *I* shall be sad without it, so, hee's gon---boy? *Boy* Anon forsooth?

Cur. Come hither sirrah, learne secretly if one Maister *Hoard* an ancient Gentleman be about house?

Boy. I heard such a one nam'd. *Cur.* Commend me to him.

Enter Hoard, *with Gentlemen.*

Hoo. *I* bee do thy commendations?

Cur. Oh you come well: away, to boat, be gon.

Hoo. Thus wisemen are reueng'd giue two for one. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wit-good *and* Vintner.

Wit. I must request you sir, to show extraordinary care, my Vncle comes with Gentlemen his friends, and tis vpon a making.

Vint. Is it so?

Ile giue a special charge good maister *Wit-good*, may *I* be bould (to see her?

Wit. Who he widdow?

Withall my heart ifaith, ile bring you to her.

Vint. If shee bee a *Staffordshire* Gentlewoman, tis much if *I* know her not,———*Wit.* How, how, boy, drawer.

Vint. Hies? *Boy.* Do you call sir?

Wit. Went the Gentlewoman vp that was here?

Ray. Vp sirr she went out sir. *Wit.* Out sirr?
Ray. Out sir: one Maister *Heard* with a guard of Gentlemen carried her out at backdoore, a pretie while since sir.
Wit. *Heard*, death and darkenesse, *Heard*. *Enter* Host.
Host. The diuell of Ring I can finde.
Wit. How now, what newes, where's the widdow?
Host. My Mistriss is she not here sir *Wit.* More madnes yet.
Host. She sent me for a ring.
Wit. A plot; a plot: to Boot shee's stole away.
Host. What? *Enter* Lucre *with Gentlemen.*
Wit. Follow, enquire, old *Heard* my Vncles aduersary—
Luc. Nephew, whats that?
Wit. Thrice miserable wretch.
Luc. Why whats the matter?
Vint. The widdows borne away sir.
Luc. Ha, passion of me, a heauy welcome Gentlemen.
1. The widdow gone? *Lu.* Who durst attempt it?
Wit. Who but old *Heard* my Vncles aduersary?
Luc. How? *Wit.* With his confederates.
Luc. *Heard*, my deadly enemy, Gentlemen, stand to mee
I will not beare it, tis in hate of me,
That villaine seekes my shame, nay thrifts my blood, hee owes mee mortall malice.
Ile spend my wealth on this dispighteful plot,
Ere he shall crosse mee and my Nephew thus.
Wit. So maliciously. *Enter Host.*
Luc. How now you trecherous rascall?
Host. That's none of my name sir.
Wit. Pore soule he knew not on't.
Luc. Ime sory, I see then 'twas a meere plot.
Host. I trac'de e'm merely, — *Wit.* Well.
Host. And heare for certaine, they haue tooke *Cole-harbor.*
Luc. The Diuels sanctuary,
They shall not rest, ile plucke her from his armes.
Kind & deare Gentlemen, if euer I had seat within your brests—
1. No more good sir, it is a wrong to vs,
To see you iniur'd in a cause so iust:
Weele spend our liues, but wee will right our friends.

Luc. Honest, and kind, come, wee haue delaid too long,
Nephew take comfort; a iust cause is strong. *Exeunt.*

Wit. That's all my comfort Vncle, ha, ha, ha.
Now may euents fall luckilie and well,
He that nere striues, saies wit shall nere excell.

Enter Dampit *the vsurer drunke.*

Dam. When did I say my prayers? In Anno 88. when the great Armado was comming, and in Anno 99. when the great Thunder and Lightning was, I prayd heartily then ifaith, to ouerthrow Poouies new buildinges, I kneeled by my great iron chest I remember.

And. Maister *Dampit*, one may heare you, before they see you, you keepe sweete howers Maister *Dampit*, wee were all a bed 3. howers agoe.

Damp. Andry? *An.* Oh yare a fine Gentleman.

Damp. So I am ifaith, and a fine scholler: do you vse to goe to bed so early *Andry?*

An. Call you this early Maister *Dampit?*

Damp. Why ist not one of Clocke ith morning, is not that early enough, fetch me a glasse of fresh Beere.

An. Here I haue warmd your Nightcap for you Maister *Dampit.*

Damp. Draw it on then,---I am very weake truely, I haue not eaten so much as the bulke of an Egge these 3 dayes.

An. You haue drunke the more Maister *Dampit.*

Damp. Whats that?

An. You mought and you would Maister *Dampit.*

Dam. I answer you I cannot, hold your prating, you prate too much, and vnderstand too little, are you answered,---giue me a glasse of beere.

An. May I aske you how you doe maister *Dampit?*

Dam. How doe *I?* ifaith naught.

An. I nere knew you doe otherwise.

Dam. I eate not one pennort of bread these 2. yeares, giue me a glasse of fresh beere,--I am not sicke, nor I am not well.--

An. Take this warme Napkin about your necke sir, whilst I helpe to make you vnready.

Damp.

Dampit. How now *Audry*-prater with your skiruy deuises, what say you now?

Audry What say *I* maister *Dampit? I* say nothing but that you are very weake. (London?

Damp. Faith thou hast more cunnicatching deuises then all

Aud. Why Maister *Dampit I* neuer deceiu'd you in all my life.

Damp. Why was that, because I did neuer trust thee.

Aud. I care not what you say Maister *Dampit*?

Damp. Hold thy prating, I answere thee, thou art a begger, a queane, and a baud: are you answerd.

Aud. Fie maister *Dampit* a Gentleman and haue such words.

Dam. Why thou base drudge of infortunity, thou kitchin-stuffe drab of Beggery, Roguery and Cockscombre, thou cauernsed queane of foolery, knauery and baudreaminy, ile tell thee what, I will not giue a louse for thy fortunes.

Aud. No Maister *Dampit*, and there's a Gentleman comes a woing to me, and he doubts nothing but that you will get me from him.

Dam. I, if I would either haue thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound would I might be: damb'd, why thou base impudent queane of foolery, flattery and coxcombry, are you an- (swerd?

Aud. Come will you rise and goe to bed sir.

Dam. Rise, and goe to bed too *Audry* how do's Mistris Proserpine? *Aud.* Fooh ————

Dam. Shees as fine a Philosopher of a stinkards wife, as any within the liberties,--fah, fah *Audry*.

Aud. How now Maister *Dampit*?

Dam. Fie vpon't what a choyce of stinks heere is, what hast thou done *Audry* fie vpon't, heere's a choyse of stincks indeed; giue me a glasse of fresh beare and then I will to bed:

Aud. It waits for you aboue sir.

Dam. Foh, I thinke they burne hornes in Barnards Inne, if euer I felt such an abominable stincke, vsury forsake me.

Aud. They be the stinking nayles of his trampling feet, and he talkes of burning hornes. *Exit.*

Incipit. Act. 4.

Enter at Cole-harbour, Hoord, *the* Widdow *and Gentlemen, he married new.* I. Ioyne

1. Iayne hearts Iayne hands In wedlock bands,
Neuer to part, till death cleaue your heart,
You shall forsake all other women,
You Lords Knights, Gentlemen and Yeomen.
what my tongue slips, make vp with your lips.
Hoo. Giue you ioy Mistris *Hoord*, let the kisse come about
Who knocks? conuay my little Pig-eater out.
Lu. Hoord.
Hoo. Vpon my life, my aduersary Gentlemen.
Luc. Hoord, open the doore or we will force it ope,
Giue vs the widdow.
Hoor. Gentlemen keepe e'm out.
Lamp. He comes vppon his death that enters heere.
Lu. My friends assist me.
Hoo. He has assistants, Gentlemen.
Lamp. Tut, not him, nor them, we in this action feare.
Luc. Shall I in peace speak one word with the widdow?
Cur. Husband and Gentlemen heare me but a word.
Hoo. Freely sweet wife.
Cur. Let him in peaceably, you know wee're sure from any act of his. *Hoo.* Most true,
Luc. You may stand by and smile at his olde weakenes, let me alone to answere him.
Hoo. Content.
Twill be good mirth ifaith, how thinke you Gentlemen?
Lamp. Good gallery? *Hoo.* Vpon calme conditions let him in.
Luc. All spite and mallice---
Lamp. Heare mee Maister *Lucre* so you will vow a peacefull entrance with those your friends, and onely exercise
Calme conference with the widdow, without fury,
The passage shall receiue you. *Enter* Lucre.
Luc. I do vow it.
Lamp. Then enter and talke freely heere she stands.
Luc. Oh maister *Hoord*, your spight has watcht the houre, you'r excellent at vengeance Maister *Hoord*. *Hoo.* Ha, ha, ha.
Luc. I am the foole you laugh at, you are wise sir and knowe the seasons well come hether widdow, why is it thus?
O you haue done me infinite disgrace,

And

And your owne credit no small iniury,
Suffer mine enemie so dispitefully
To beare you from my Nephew, oh
I had rather halfe my substance had bene forfeit, and begd by some staru'd Raskall.

Cur. Why what would you wish me doe sir?
I must not ouerthrow my state for loue,
We haue two many presidents for that,
From thousands of our welthy vndon widdowes
One may deriue some wit; I doe confesse,
I lou'd your Nephew, nay I did affect him
Against the mind and liking of my friends:
Beleeu'd his promises, lay here in hope
Of flatterd liuing, and the boast of lands,
Comming to touch his wealth and state indeed,
It appeares drosse, I finde him not the man,
Imperfect, meane, scarce furnisht of his needs:
In words, faire Lordships, in performance Houslls,
Can any woman loue the thing that is not?

Luc. Broke you for this?

Curt. Was it not cause too much?
Send to enquire his state, most part of it
Lay two yeares morgag'd in his vncles hands:

Lu. Why say it did, you might haue knowne my minde; I could haue soone restord it.

Cur. I, had I but seene any such thing perform'd, why twould haue tyed my affection, and containd me in my first desires, do you thinke faith that *I* could twine such a dry oake as this, had promise in your Nephew tooke effect.

Luc. Why, and there's no time past, and rather then my aduersary should thus thw'art my hopes, I would ———

Curt. Tut, y'aue beene euer full of golden speech,
If words were lands, your Nephew would be rich.

Lu. Widdow, beleeue it, I vow by my best blisse,
Before these Gentlemen, I will giue in
The morgage to my Nephew instantly,
Before I sleepe or eate.

1 Weele pawne out credits widdow, what he speakes shall

be performd in fulneſſe.

Lu. Nay more, I will eſtate him
In fatter bleſſings, he ſhall be my heir,
I haue no Sonne,
*I*le binde my ſelfe to that condition.

Cur. When *I* ſhall heare this done, *I* ſhall ſoone yeeld, to reaſonable rearmes.

Lu. In the meane ſeaſon,
Will you proteſt before theſe Gentlemen,
To keepe your ſelfe as you are now at this preſent.

Cur. *I* doe proteſt before theſe Gentlemen,
I will be as cleere then as *I* am now,

Lu. *I* doe believe you, heer, s your owne honeſt ſeruant,
*I*le take him along with me.

Curt. *I*, with all my heart.

Lu. Hee ſhall ſee all performd, and bring you word.

Cur. Thats all *I* waite for.

Hoo. What haue you finiſht Maiſter *Lucre*? ha, ha, ha.

Luc. So laugh *Hoard*, laugh at your poore enemy, doe, the winde may turne, you may be laught at too, yes marry may you ſir— ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Hoo. Ha, ha, ha, if euery man that ſwels in malice,
Could be reuenged as happily as *I*,
He would chooſe hate, and forſweare amity.
What did he ſay wife prethee?

Cur. Faith ſpoke to eaſe his minde,——

Hoo. Oh——o——o——

Cur. You know now, little to any purpooſe.

Hoo. True, true, true. *Cur*, He would do mountaines now

Hoo. *I*, *I*, *I*, *I*. *Lamp.* Y' aue ſtruck him dead Maſter *Hoard*.

Spich. And his Nephew deſperate:

Hoo. *I* knowre firs *I*,
Newer did man ſo cruſh his enemy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucre *with Gentlemen meeting* Sam Free-dome.

Luc. My ſonne in Law?
Sam Freedome, where's my Nephew?

Sam. O man in lamentation father.

Lu. How

Sa. He thumpes his breſt like a gallant dicer that has loſt his

Doublet,

doublet, and stands in's shirt to doe penance.

Luc. Alasse poore Gentleman.

Sam. I warrant you may heare him sigh in a still euening to your house at Hyegate. *Luc.* I prethee send him in.

Sam. Were it to doe a greater matter *I* will not sticke with you sir, in regard you married my mother.

Luc. Sweete Gentleman, cheere him vp, *I* will but fetch the morgage and returne to you instantly. *Exit.*

1. Wee'le do our best sir,—see where he comes,
Euen ioylesse and regardlesse of all fame.

2. Why how now maister *Wit* good sir, you a firme scholler, & an vnderstanding Gentleman, and giue your best pass to passion.

1. Come sir, sir. *Wit.* Oh Gentlemen.—

1. Sorrow of mee what a sigh was there sir, nine such Widdowes are not worth it.

Wit. To be borne from me by that letcher *Heard.*

1. That Vengeance is your Vncles, being done
More in despight to him then wrong to you,
But we bring comfort now,— *Wit.* *I* beseech you Gentlemen,

2. Cheere thy selfe man, theres hope of her ifaith.

Wit. Too gladsome to be true. *Enter* Lucre.

Luc. Nephew, what cheere? alasse poore Gentleman how art thou chang'd: call thy fresh blood into thy cheekes agen.

Wit. Nothing afflicts me so much, (she comes,
But that it is your Aduersary, Vncle,
And meerely plotted in despight of you.

Luc. I thats it made me, spites meele spend my wealth, e're he shall carry her so because I know tis onely to spite me, *I* this is it,—here Nephew, before these kinde Gentlemen I deliuer in your mortgage, my promise to the widdow, see tis done, be wise your once more maister of your owne, the widdow shall perceiue now, you are not altogether such a begger as the world reputes you, you can make shift to bring her to 300. a yeare sir.

1. Beclady and thats no toye sir. *Luc.* A word Nephew?

1. Now may you certifie the Widdow.

Luc. You must conceiue it aright Nephew now, to doe you good I am content to doe this.

Wit. I know it sir.

Luc. But your own conscience can tell I had indearely inough

Wis. I thats most certaine.

Luc. Thats money laid out, beside many a journey to fetch

Wis. I hope youle thinke on t Nephew.

Wis. I were worse then a beast else ifaith.

Luc. Although to bind the widdow and she would I out of policy doe so, yet there's a conscience Nephew.

Wis. There's forore else.

Luc. When you are full gulleff,

Tis nothing to returne it.

Wis. Alake a thing quickly done Vncle.

Luc. Well Nephew — you know I gue it you but in trust.

Wis. Let me vnderstand you rightly, Vncle,

You gine it me but in trust. *Luc.* No.

Wis. That is you trust me with it. *Luc.* True, true:

Wis. But if ever I trust you with it agen would I might bee trust vp for my labour.

Luc. You can all witnes Gentlemen and you sir yeoman?

Hoft. My life for yours sir now, I know my Mistrisses minde this well touchd your Nephew, let thinges bee in preparation, and Ile trimme her brother in most excellent fashion. *Exit.*

Luc. A good old boy, — Wife Gisonne? *Enter* Wife.

Wif. Whats the newes sir.

Luc. The wedding daye ast hand, prethee sweet wife, exercise thy housewifery, thou art a fine Cooke I know't thy first husband married thee out of an Aldermans kitchin, go too, he cals'de thee for mysing of paste, what heere's none but friends most of our beginnings must be wincke at, Gentlemen *I* inuite you all to my Nephewes wedding against Thursday morning:

1. With all our hearts and we shal ioye to see your enemy so mocke.

Luc. He laughs at me Gentlemen ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Wis. He has no conscience, faith would laugh at them, they laugh at one another?

Who then can be so cruell, troth, not I,

I rather pitty now, then ought enuye,

Idoe conceiue such ioy in mine owne happinesse, *I* haue no leysure yet to laugh at their follies.

Thou Soule of my estate I kisse thee,
I miss life's comfort when I miss thee.
Oh never wil we part agen,
Until I leaue the sight of men.
Weele were trust conscience of our sin,
Since Consenage brings thus title in.

Enter three Creditors.

1. Ile wait these 7. houres but Ile see him caught.

2. Faith so will I.

3. Hang him Prodigall hee's stript of the widdow.

1. A my troth shee's the wiser, shee has made the happier choyse, and I wonder of what stuffe those widdowes hearts are made of, that wil marry vnfledg'd boyes before comly thumb-chind Gentlemen. *Enter a Boy.*

Boy. Newes, newes, 1. What boy?

Boy. The Riotter is caught.

1. So, so, so, so, it warmes me at the heart, I loue a life to see Dogs vpon men; oh heere he comes.

Enter Wit-good *with Seriants.*

Wit-good. My last ioy was so great it tooke away the sense of all future afflictions, what a day is heere orecast? how soone a black tempest rises?

1. Oh wee may speake with you now sir, whats become of your rich Widdow, I thinke you may cast your cap as the widdow, may you not sir?

2. He a rich Widdow? who a Prodigall, a daily Rioter, and a nightly vomiter, he a widdow of account? he a hole ith counter.

Wit. You do wel my maisters to tirranize ouer misery, to afflict the afflicted, tis a custome you haue heere amongst you, I would wish you neuer leaue it, and I hope youle do as I bid you.

1. Come, come sir, what say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound: a sweet debt, for floating your doublets,

2. Heeres mine of forty, 3. Heeres mine of fifty.

Wit. Pray sirs, youle giue me breath.

1. No sir weele keepe you out of breath still, then we shall be sure you will not run away from vs.

Wit. Will you but heare me speake?

2. You shall pardon vs for that sir, wee know you haue too faire a tongue of your owne, you ouercame vs too lately, a shame take you, we are like to loose all that for want of witnesses; we deale in pollicy then, alwaies when we striue to be most pollitique we prone most coxcombs, *non plus vltra*. I perceiue by vs, wee're not ordaind to thriue by wisdome, and therefore wee must be content to be Tradesmen.

VVit. Giue me but reasonable time, and I protest Ile make you ample satisfaction.

1. Do you talke of Reasonable time to vs?

Wit. Tis true, beasts know no reasonable time.

2. We must haue either mony or carcasse.

Wit. Alasse what good will my carcasse doe you?

3. Oh tis a Secret delight we haue amongst vs, wee that are vsde to keepe birds in cages, haue the heart to keep men in prison, I warrant you.

Wit. I perceiue, I must craue a little more ayd from my wits, do but make shift for me this once, and Ile forswearе euer to trouble you in the like fashion heereafter, Ile haue better employment for you, and I liue, youle giue me leaue my maisters to make try all of my friends and raise all meanes I can.

1. That is our desires sir. *Enter Host.*

Host. Maister *Wit* good. *VVit.* Oh art thou come?

Host. May I speake one word with you in priuate sir?

Wit. No by my faith canst thou, I am in hell heere and the Deuills will not let me come to thee.

Cit. Do you call vs diuells, you shall find vs Puritanes beare him away, let e'm talke as they go, wee'l not stand to heare e'm ah sir, am I a diuell, I shall think the better of my selfe as long as I liue, a Diuell i faith, *Exeunt.*

Enter Hoord.

Hoo. What a sweet blessing hast thou Maister *Hoord* aboue a multitude, wilt thou neuer be thankful? how dost thou thinke to be blest another time? or dost thou count this the ful measure of thy happines by my troth I thinke thou dost, not only a wife large in possessions, but spatious in content, shee's rich, shee's young, she's faire, she's wise, when I wake *I* think of her lands that reuiues me, when *I* go to bed, *I* dreame of her beauty, and

thats enough for me, she's worth 4. hundred a yeare in her very smocke, if a man knew how to vse it, but the iourney wil be all introth into the Countrey, to ride to her lands in state & order following my brother & other worshipfull Gentlemen, whose companies *I* ha sent downe for already, to ride along with vs in their goodly *Decorum* beards, their broad velvet chashocks, and chaines of gold twice or thrice double; against which time ile entertain some ten men of mine own, into Liueries, al of occupations or qualities, *I* will not keepe an idle man about me the sight of which will so vex my aduersary *Luere*, for weele, passe by his doore a purpose, make a little stand for nouce, and haue our horses Curuet before the window. certainely he wil neuer endure it, but run vp & hang himself presently: how now sirra? what newes? any that offer their seruice to me yet?

Ser. Yes sir, there are some ith hall, that waite for your worships liking, and desire to be entertaind.

Hoo. Are they of occupation?

Ser. They are men fit for your worship sir.

Hoo. Saist so, send e'm all in!—to see ten men ride after me in watchet Liueries, with Orenge-tawny capes, twill cut his combe ifaith, how now? of what occupation are you sir.

Tayl. A Taylor, an't please your worship. *Enter All.*

Hoo. A Taylor, oh very good, you shall serue to make all the Liueries---what ar you sir? *Bar.* A Barber sir.

Hoo. A Barber, very needfull, you shall shaue a lthe house, and if need require, stand for a reaper ith Somer time---
You sir? *Per.* A perfumer.

Hoo. *I* smelt you before, Perfumers of all men had need carry themselues vprighly, for if they were once knaues they would be smelt out quickly,---to you sir?

Fawl. A Fawlkner an't please your worship---

Hoo. Sa ho, sa ho, sa ho---and you sir?

Hun. A Huntsman sir.

Hoo. There boy, there boy, there boy? *I* am not so old but *I* haue pleasant dayes to come, *I* promise you my Maisters *I* put you already into my countenance, and you shall be shortly in my liuery: but especially you two, my iolly Fawlkner, and my

my honny huntsman, wee shall haue most need of you at my wifes Manuer houses ith Country, there's goodly parkes and Champion-grounds for you, wee shall haue all our sports within our selues, all the Gentlemen ath Country shall bee beholding to vs and our pastimes.

Faul. And weele make your worship admire sir.

Hoo. Sayst thou so? doe but make me admire, and thou shalt want for nothing,---my Taylor? *Tayl.* Anon sir.

Hoo. Go presently in hand with the liueries.

Tay. I will sir.

Hoo. My Barber. *Bar.* Heere sir.

Hoo. Make e'm all trime fellowes, lowse e'm well, especially my huntsman, and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion: my perfumer: *Per.* Vnder your Nose sir.

Ho. Cast a better sauour vpon the knaues, to take away the sent of my Taylors feete, and my Barbers Lotium-water.

Per. It shall be carefully performde sir.

Hoo. But you my Faulkner and Huntsman, the welcomst men aliue ifaith.

Hunt. And weele shew you that sir shall deserue your worships fauour.

Ho. I prethee shew me that: goe you knaues all, and wash your lungs ith Buttery, go---byth masse, and well remembred, ile aske my wife that question, wife, Mistris *Iane Hoord?*

Enter Curtezan *altered in Apparell.*

Cur. Sir? would you with mee.

Ho. I wonld but know sweet wife, which might stãd best to thy liking, to haue the wedding dinner kept here or ith Countrey?

Cur. Hum, faith sir twould like me better here, here you were married? here let all rites be ended.

Ho. Could a Marquis giue a better answer? *Hoord*, beare thy head aloft, thou'st a wife will aduance it, what hast comes here now? yee a letter: some dregge of my Aduersaries malice: come hither, whats the newes?

Host. A thing that concernes my Mistris sir.

Hoo. Why then it concernes me knaue?

Host. I and you knaue too (cry your worshippe mercy) you are both like to come into trouble I promise you sir, a pra-contract.

Hoo.

Hoo. How a præcontract sayst thou?

Host. I feare they haue too much proofe on't sir, old *Lucre* he runs mad vp and downe as will to lawe as fast as hee can, young *Witgood* layde hold on by his creditors, hee exclaimes vppon you a tothet side, saies you haue wrought his vndoing by the iniurious detaining of his contract. *Hoo.* Body a me?

Host. He will haue vtmost satisfaction,
The law shall giue him recompence he sayes.

Cur. Alasse his Creditors so mercilesse, my stare being yet vncertaine, I deeme it not vnconscionable to furder him.

Host. True sir———

Hoo. What sayes the Letter let me construe it.

Cur. Curst be my rash and vnadused words,
Ile set my foot vppon my tongue,
and tread my inconsiderate grant to dust. *Hoo.* Wife—

Host. A pretty shift ifaith, I commend a woman when shee can make away a letter from her husband handsomely, and this was cleanly done by my troth.

Cur. I did sir?
Some foolish words *I* must confesse did passe,
Which, now letigiously he fastens on me.

Hoo. Of what force? let me examine e'm.

Cur. Too strong Ifeare, would I were freed of him.

Hoord. Shall I compound?

Cur. No sir, Ide haue it done some nobler way,
Of your side, Ide haue you come off with honour,
Let basenes keepe with them; why haue you not the meanes sir, the occasions offerd you.

Hoo. Where? how? deare wife.

Cur. Hee is now caught by his Creditors, the slaues needy, his debts petty, hee'le rather bind himselfe to all inconueniences then rot in prison, by this onely meanes you may get a release from him, tis not yet come to his Vncles hearing, sende speedily for the creditors by this time hee's desperate, hee'l set his hand to any thing, take order for his debts, or discharge e'm quite, a pax on him, lets be rid of a raskall.

Hoo. Excellent thou dost astonish me, go, runne, make hast,

bring both the creditors and *Wit-good* hether.

Host. This will be some reuenge yet.

Hoo. In the meane space *Ile* haue a release drawne--within there. 1. Sir.

Hoo. Sirrah come take directions, go to my Scriuener.

Curt. *I* me yet like those whose riches lye in dreames,
If I be wakte the're false, such is my fate,
Who ventures deeper then the desperate state.
Though *I* haue sin'd yet could I become new,
For where I once vow, I am euer true.

Hoo. Away, dispatch, on my displeasure, quickly, happy occasion, pray heauen hee bee in the right vaine now to set his hand toot that nothing alter him: grant that all his follies may meet in him at once, to besot him inough.
I pray for him ifaith, and heere he comes?

Wit. What would you with me now my Vncles spightful aduersary.

Hoo. Nay I am friends, *Wit.* *I* when your mischiefes spent.

Hoo. I heard you were arested.

Wit. Well, what then? you wil pay none of my debts *I* me sure.

Hoo. A wise man cannot tell,
There may be those conditions greed vpon,
May moue me to doe much.

Wit. I when? Tis thou periurd woman, O no name
Is vild enough to match thy trechery,
That art the cause of my confusion.

Cur. Out you penurious slaue.

Hoo. Nay wife you are too froward,
Let him alone, giue loosers leaue to talke.

Wit. Shall I remember thee of another promise far stronger then the first.

Cur. Ide faine know that.

Wit. Twould call shame to thy cheekes. *Curt.* Shame.

Wit. Harke in your eare--will he come off think st thou, and pay my Debts roundly.

Cur. Doubt nothing, theres a Release drawing and all to which you must set your hand. *Wit.* Excellent.

Cur. But mee thinkes ifaith, you might haue made some

shift

shift to discharge this your selfe, hauing in the Morgage, and neuer haue burdned my conscience with it.

Wit. A my troth I could not, for my creditors cruelties extend to the present.

Curt. No more,—why doe your worst for that, I defie you.

Wit. Y'are impudent, ile call vp the witnesses.

Cur. Call vp thy wits, for thou hast bene deuoted to follies a long time.

Hoo. Wife y'are too bitter, Maister *Witgood*, and you my Maisters, you shall heare a mild speech come from me now. and this it is, 'tas been my fortune Gentlemen to haue an extraordinary blessing powr'd vpon me alate, and here she stands, I haue wedded her and bedded her, & yet she is little the worse, some foolish words she hath past to you in the Country, and some peevish debtes you owe here in the City, set the Hares head to the Goose giblet, release you her of her words, and ile release you of your debtes sir.

Wit. Would you so, I thanke you for that sir, I cannot blame you i'faith.

Hoo. Why are not debts better then words sir?

Wit. Are not words promises, & are not promises debts sir.

Hoo. He plaies at back-racket with me.

1. Come hither Maister *Wit-good* come hither, be rulde by fooles once.

2. Wee are Cittizens and know what belong toote

1. Take hold of his offer, pax on her, let her go, if your debts were once discharg'd, I would help you to a widdowe my selfe worth ten of her.

3. Masse partner and now you remember me on't, there's Maister Muligrubs sister newly fallen a widdow.

1. Cudsme, as pat as can be, there's a widdow lest for you, ten thousand in money, beside Plate, Iewels *et cætera*, I warrant it a match, we can doe all in all with her, prethee dispatch weele carry thee to her presently.

Wit. My vncle will nere endure me, when he shall heare I seg my hand to a release.

2 Harke, ile tell thee a *Trick* for that, I haue spent fiue hundred pound in suites in my time, I should be wise, thou'rt now a

prisoner, make a release, takte of my word, whatsoeuer a man makes as long as he is in durance, tis nothing in law, not thus much. *Wit.* say you so sir?

3 *I* haue paide for't I know't.

Wit. proceede then *I* consent. 3 Why well saide.

Hoo. How now my Maisters what haue you done with him?

1. With much adoe sir, we haue got him to consent.

Hoor. Ah —a—a, and what came his debtes to now?

1 Some eight score od pounds sir.

Hoo. Nau, nau, nau, nau, naw, tell me the second time, giue me a lighter sommne, they are but desperate debtes you know, neere cald in but vpon such an accident; a poore needy knaue, hee would starue and rot in prison, come, come, you shall haue ten shillings in the pound and the sommne downe roundly—

1. You must make it a marke sir,——

Hoo. Go too then, tell your money in the mean time, you shall finde little lesse there,—come Maister *Wit-good* you are so vnwilling to doe your selfe good now, welcom honest Scriuener now you shall heare the release read ——

Scri. Be it known to al men by these presents, that I *Theodorus Wit-good*, Gentleman, sole Nephew to *Pecunius Lucre*, hauing vniustly made title and claim to one *Iane Medler*, late widdow of *Anthony Medler*, & now Wife to *Walkadine Hoord*, in consideration of a competent som of money to discharg my debts, doe for euer hereafter disclaim any title, right, estate, or interest in or to the said widdow, late in the occupation of the said *Anthony Midler*, and now in the occupation of *Walkadine Hoord*, as also neither to lay claime, by vertue of any former contract, grant, promise or demise, to any of her Manner, Mannorhouses, Parkes, Groues, Meadow-grounds, arrable lands, Barnes, stacks Stables, Doue-holes & Cunny-borrowes; togither with all her cattell, money, plate, iewels, borders, chaines, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, moueables or immoueables, in witnes whereof I the said *Theodorus Wit-good*, haue enterchangeably set to my hand and seale before these presents, the day and date aboue written.

Wit. What a precious fortune hast thou slipt here like a beast as thou art? *Hoo.* Come, vnwilling heart come.

Wit.

Wit. Well maister *Hoard*, giue me the pen, I see
Tis vaine to quarrell with our destiny.

Hoo. Oh as vaine a thing as can bee, you cannot commit a greater absurdity sir,---so, so, giue me that hand, now before al these presents I am friends for euer with thee.

Wit. Troth, and it were pitty of my heart now, if *I* should beare you any grudge y'faith.

Hoo. Content, ile send for thy vncle against the wedding dinner wee will be friends once agen.

VWit. *I* hope to bring it to passe my selfe sir.

Hoor. How now, ist right my maisters?

1. Tis something wanting sir, yet it shall be sufficient.

Hoo. Why well said, a good conscience makes a fine show now a dayes, come my Maisters, you shall all--tast of my wine ere you depart.

All. Wee follow you sir.

Wit. *I*le try these fellowes now,---a word sir, what will you carry me to that widdow now?

1. Why doe you thinke we were in earnest y'faith? carry you to a rich widdow, we should get much credit by that; a noted Rioter, a contemptible prodigal, twas a *Trick* we haue amongst vs, to get in our money, fare you well sir. *Exeunt.*

Wit. Farewel and be hang'd, you short pig-hayrd Ram-head-ed raskalls, he that believes in you shall nere be sau'd *I* warant him, by this new league, *I* shall haue some aboue access vnto my loue ———

Neec. Maister *Wit-good?* *VWit* My life.

Neec. Meete me presently, that note directs you, *I* would not be suspected, our happinesse attends vs, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Wit. A words enough.

Dampit the Vsurer in his bed, *Audry* spinning by.

Song. *Let the Vsurer cram him, in interest that excell,*
Ther's pits enow to dam him, before he comes to hell.
In Holborne some: in Fleet-streete some
Where ere he come, ther's some ther's some.

Damp. *Trahe, traheto*, draw the Curtaine, giue me a sip of Sack more. *Enter Gentlemen.*

Lam. Looke you, did not I tell you he lay like the Deuill in chaines, when he was bound for a thousand yeare.

Spich. But I thinke the diuel had no steele bedstaffes, he goes beyond him for that.

Lamp. Nay do but marke the conceite of his drinking, one must wipe his mouth for him with a muckinder, doe you see sir.

Spich. Is this the sicke tramp'er, why he is onely bed-red with (drinking.

Lamp. True sir, he spies vs.

Damp. What? sir Trustram? you come and see a weake man here, a very weake man.———

Lamp. If yot be weake in body, you should be strong in praier sir. *Dam.* Oh I haue prayed too much poore man.

Lamp. There's a rast of his soule for you.

Spich. Fah, loathsome?

Lam. I come to borrow a hundred pound of you sir.

Dam. Alasse you come at an ill time, I cannot spare it ifaith, I ha but two thousand ith house. *Aud.* ha, ha, ha.

Dam. Out you Germatiue queane, the mullipood of villany, the Spiener of concupiscency. *Enter other Gentlemen.*

Lane. Yee gentlemen are you here before vs? how is he now?

Lam. Faith the same man stil, the Tauerne bitch has bit him ith head.

Lan. Wee shall haue the better sport with him, peace, and how cheeres Maister *Dampit* now?

Dam. Oh, my bosome, sir *Launcelot*, how cheere I? thy presence is restoratiue. (among gallants.

Lane. But I heare a great complaint of you Maister *Dampit*,

Dam. I am glad of that ifaith;--pre the what?

Lane. They say you are waxt proud alate, and if a friend visit you in the after-noone, you'le scarce know him.

Dam. Fie, fie proud? I cannot remember any such thing, sure I was drunke then. *Lam.* Thinke you so sir?

Dam. There twas ifaith, nothing but the pride of the Sacke and so certifie e'm, fetch Sack sirrah.

Boy. A vengeance Sack you once.

Aud. Why Maister *Dampit* if you hold on as you begin, and lie a little longer, you need not take care how to dispose your wealth, you'le make the Vintner your heire.

Damp.

Damp. Out you babliaminy, you vnfethered cremitoried queane, you cullisance of scabiosity.

And. Good words Maister *Dampit*, to speake before a maide and a virgin.

Dam. Hang thy Virginity vpon the pole of carnality.

And. Sweet tearmes, my Mistris shall know e'm.

Lam. Note but the misery of this Vsuring slaue, heere hee lies like a noysome dunghill, full of the poyson of his drunken blasphemies, and they to whom he bequeaths all, grudge him the very meate that feedes him, the very pillow that eases him, here may a Vsurer behold his end, what profits it to bee a slaue in this world and a deuill ith next.

Dam. Sir *Lancelot*? let me busse thee sir *Lancelot*, thou art the onely friend that I honor and respect.

Lan. I thanke you for that Maister *Dampit*.

Damp. Farewell my bosome sir *Lancelot*.

Lan. Gentlemen and you loue me, let me step behind you. and one of you fall a talking of me to him.

Lamp. Content—Maister *Dampit*. *Dam.* So sir.

Lamp. Heere came sir *Lancelot* to see you eene now.

Damp. Hang him rascall. *Lam.* Who sir *Lancelot*?

Damp. Pythagoricail raskall. *Lam.* Pythagoricall?

Dam. He changes his cloake when he meetes a Sergiant.

Lan. What a rogues this?

Lam. I wonder you can raile at him sir, hee comes in loue to see you.

Dam. A louse for his loue, his father was a Combe-maker, I haue no need of his crauling loue, he comes to haue longer day the superlatiue raskall.

Lan. Sfoote *I* can no longer endure the rogue, Maister *Dampit* I come to take my leaue once agen sir.

Dam. Who? my deare and kinde sir *Lancelot*? the onely Gentleman of England, let me hug thee farewell and a thousand.

Lam. Compoide of wrongs and slauish flatterie.

Lan. Nay Gentlemen he shall shew you more tricks yet, ile giue you another tast of him. *Lam.* I'st possible?

Lan. His memory is vpon departing.

Dam. Another cup of Sack.

Law. Masse then twil be quite gon: before he drink that tell him theres a country client come vp, and heere attends for his learned aduice. *Lam.* Enough.

Dam. One cup more, and then let the bell toule, I hope I shall be weake enough by that time.

Lam. Maister *Dampit*. *Dam.* Is the Sack spouting.

Law. Tis comming forward sir, --heres a countryman a clyent of yours, waites for your deepe and profound aduice sir.

Dam. A cocks scombry: where is he? let him approach, set me vp a pegge higher.

Lam. You must draw neere sir.

Dam. Now good man fooliaminy, what say you to me now.

Law. Please your good worship I am a poore man sir.--

Dam. What make you in my chamber then?

Law. I would intreat your worships deuice in a iust and honest cause sir---

Dam. I meddle with no such matters, I referre e'm to Maister No-mans Office.

Law. I had but one house left me in all the world sir, which was my fathers, my Grand-fathers, my great Grandfathers, & now a villaine has vniustly wrung me out, and tooke possession on't.

Dam. Has he such feates: thy best course is to bring thy *eiectione firme*, and in seauen yeare thou mayst shoue him out by the law.

Law. Alasse, an't please your worship I haue small friends and lesse mony.

Dam. Hoyda, this geere will fadge well, hast no money, why then my aduice is thou must set fire ath' house & so get him out.

Lam. That will breake strife indeed.

Law. I thanke your worship for your hot counsell sir.--- altring but my voyce a little, you see he knew me not, you may obserue by this that a drunkards memory holds longer in the voyce, then in the person, but Gentlemen shall I show you a sight, behold the little diue-dapper of Damnation, *Gulfe* the Vsurer, for his time worse then tother. *Enter* Hoord with Gulf.

Lam. What's he comes with him?

Law. Why *Hoord*, that married lately the widdow medler.

Lam.

Lam. Oh, *I* cry you mercy sir.

Hoo. Now Gentlemen visitants? how does maister *Dampit?*

Lam. faith here he lies e'n drawing--in sir, good canary as fast as he can sir, a very weake creature truely, hee is almost past memory.

Hoo. Fie Master *Dampit*, you lie lazing a bed here, and I come to inuite you to my wedding dinner, vp, vp, vp.

Damp. Whose this Maister *Hoord*; who hast thou married in the name of foolery? *Ho.* A rich Widdow.

Dam. A duch widdow?

Hoo. A rich widdow,---one widdow medler.

Damp. Medler, she keepes open house.

Hoo. She did I can tell you in her tother husbands dayes, open house for all commers, horse and man was welcome, and Rome enough for e'm all.

Damp. Theres to much for thee then, thou maist let out some to thy neighbours.

Gul. What? hung a liue in chaines? O Spectacle, bed staffs of steele, *O monstrum, horrendum, informe, Ingens cui lumen ademptum, O Dampit Dompit*, heres a Iust iudgment, showne vpon vsury, extortion, aud trampling Villany.

Lane. This excellent, theese railes vpon the theefe,

Gul. is this the end of cut throate vsury,
Brothell and blasphemy, now maist thou see what race a Vsurer runnes.

Dam. Why thou Rogue of vniuersality, doe not I know thee? thy sound is like the cuckowe, the welch Embassador, thou cowardly slaue that offers to fight with a sicke man when his weapons downe: rayle vpon me in my naked bed? why thou great Lucifers little vicar, I am not so weak but I know a knaue at first sight thou Inconscionable Raskall, thou that goest vpon middlesex Iuries, and will make haste to giue vp thy verdit, because thou wilt not loose thy dinner, are you answered?

Gul. Ant were not for shame--- *drawes his dagger.*

Dam. Thou wouldst be hangd then.

Lam. Nay you must exercise patience maister *Gulfe*, alwaies in a sicke mans Chamber.

Lan. Heele quarrell with none I warrant you, but those that are bedred.

Damp. Let him come Gentlemen, I am afraid, reach my close stoole hither.

Lau. Here will be a sweet stay anon, ile leaue you gentlemen.

Lau. Nay wel'e along with you, Maister *Gulfe.*

Gul. hang him vsuring raskall.

Lau. Push, set your strength to his, your wit to his?

And. Pray Gentlemen depart, his howers come vpon him, sleep in my bosome, sleepe.

Lau. Nay we haue inough of him ifaith, keepe him for the house. ——— Now make your best.

For thrice his wealth I would not haue his brest.

Gul. A little thing would make me beat him now he's asleep

Lau. Masse then twill be a pittifull day when he wakes.

I would be loath to see that day come.

Gul. You ouer-rule me Gentlemen ifaith. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS. 5.

Enter Lucre *and* Wit-good.

Wit. Nay Vncle let me preuaile with you so much,

Ifaith goe now he has inuited you, (the widdow.

Lu. I shall haue great ioy there when he has borne away

Wit. Why la, I thought where I should find you presently.

Vncle, a my troth tis nothing so.

Luc. Whats nothing sir, is not he married to the widdow?

Wit. No by my troth is he not Vncle. *Luc.* How?

Wit. Will you haue the truth ont, hee is married to a whore ifaith. *Lu.* I should laugh at that.

Wit. Vncle, let me perish in your fauour if you find it not so and that vs I that haue married the honest woman.

Luc. Ha? Ioe walke ten mile a foote to see that ifaith.

Wit. And see't you shall, or Ile nere see you agen.

Luc. A Queane ifaith, ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hoard *tasting wine, the* Host *following in a Liuery cloake.*

Hoo. Pup, pup, pup, pup, I like not this wine, is there neuer a better Teirs in the house. (England.

Host. Yes sir, their are as good Teirs in the house as any are in

Hoo. Deesire your mistris you knaue, to tast e'm all ouer, shee has best skill.

Host. Has she so, the better for her, & the worse for you. *Exit.*
Ho. Arthur, is the cupbord of plate set out, *Ar.* All's in order sir.
Hoo. I am in loue with my Liueries euery time I thinke on e'm, they make a gallant showe by my troth—Neece.
Nece. Do you call sir?
Ho. Prethe show a little dilligence, and ouer-looke the knaues a little, theile filch and steale to day, & send whole pasties home to their wiues, and thou hoe'st a good Neece do not see me purloind.
Nee. Feare it not sir I haue cause, tho the feast bee prepared for you, yet it serues fit for my wedding dinner too.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Hoo, Maister *Lamprey* and Maister *Spickcocke* two the most welcome Gentlemen aliue, your fathers and mine were al free ath Fishmongers.
Lam. They were indeed sir, you see bould guests sir, soone (intreated
Hoo. And thats best sir—how now sirrah?
Ser. Ther's a coach come to'th doore sir.
Ho. My Lady *Fortune* a my life, Mistris *Iane Heard*, wife, masse tis her Ladiship indeed, Madame you are welcome to an vnfurnisht house, dearth of cheere, scarsity of attendance.
Lad. You are pleas'd to make the worst sir.
Ho. Wife. *Lad.* Is this your wife?
Hoo. Yes Madame, salute my Lady *Fortune*.
Cur. Please you Madam awhile to tast the ayre in the garden?
Lad. I will please vs well. *Exeunt.*
Hoo. Who would not wed; the most dilitious life,
No Ioyes are like the pleasures of a wife.
Lam. So we batchelers thinke that are not troubled with them.
Ser. Your worships brother with an other ancient Gentleman are newly alighted sir.
Hoo. Maister *Onesiphorus Heard*, why now our company begines to come in: my deare and kinde brother welcome ifaith.
Ony. You see wee are men at an hower brother.
Hoo. I, Ile say that for you brother, you keepe as good an hower to came to a feast, as any Gentleman in the Sheere, what old Maister *Limber* and Maister *Kicks*, doe wee meete ifaith Iolly Gentlemen?

Lab. We hope you lacke guesse sir?

Hoo. Oh welcome, welcome, we lack still such guesse as your worships.

Ony. Ah sirrah brother haue you catcht vp widdow Medler.

Hoo. From e'm all brother, and I may tell you I had mighty enimies, those that stuck sore, old *Lucre* is a sore foxe I can tell you brother.

On. Where is shee, *I*le goe seeke her out, I long to haue a smack at her lips.

Hoo. And most wishfully brother see where she comes, giue her a smerck now we may heare it all the h ouse ouer.

Cur. Oh Heauen *I* am betraid I know *Both turne back,* that face.

Hoo. Ha, ha, ha, why how now? are you both ashamde? come Gentlemen, weele looke another way---

Ony. Nay Brother, harke you, come y'are dispos'd to be merry? *Hoo.* Why doe we meet else man?

Ony. Thats another matter, I was nere so fraid in my life but that you had been in earnest. *Hoo.* How meane you brother?

Ony. You said she was your wife.

Hoo. Did I so? by my troth and so she is.

On. By your troth Brother?

Hoo. What reason haue I to dissemble with my friends, brother, if marriage can make her mine she is mine? why?

On. Troth *I* am not well of a sodaine: I must craue pardon brother, *I* came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner ysaith.

Hoo. I hope you will not serue me so brother?

Lim. By your leaue Maister *Hoard.*

Hoo. What now? what now? pray Gentlemen, you were wont to shewe your selues wisemen.

Lim. But you haue showne your folly too much here.

Hoo. How?

Kix. Fie, fie, a man of your repute and name.
Youle feast your friends, but cloy e'm first with shame.

Hoo. This growes too deepe pray let vs reach the sence.

Lim. In your old age dote on a Cuttezan. *Hoo.* Ha?

Ki. Marry a Strumpit? *Hoo.* Gentlemen!

Ony. And *Wit-goods* queane. *Hoo.* Oh, nor lands nor liuing

Ony.

Ony. Liuing? *Hoo.* Speake?

Cur. Alasse you know at first sir,
I told you I had nothing.

Hoor. Out, out, *I* am cheated, infinitely couzened.

Lim. Nay maister *Hoord.* *Enter Wit-good and Lucre.*

Hoo. A dutch widdow, a dutch widdow, a dutch widdow:

Luc. Why Nephew shall I trace thee still a liere? wilt make me mad, is not yon thing the widdow.

Wit. Why la, you are so hard a beleefe Vncle, by my troth shee's a whore. *Luc.* Then thourt a knaue.

Wit. *Negatur Argumentum* Vncle.

Luc. *Probo tibi, Nephew:*
Hee that knowes a woman to bee a queane, must needs bee a knaue, thou sayst thou knowest her to be one, *ergo* if sheebee a queane thou'rt a knaue.

Wit. *Negatur, sequela maioris,* Vncle he that knowes a woman to be a queane, must needes be a knaue, I deny that.

Hoo. *Lucre* and *Wit-good* y'are both villaines. get you out of my house.

Luc. Why didst not inuite me to thy wedding dinner?

Wit. And are not you and I sworne perpetuall friends before witnes sir, and were both drunke vppon't.

Hoo. Daintily abusde, y'aue put a lunt vpon me.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha. *Hoo.* A common strumpet?

Wit. Nay now you wrong her sir, if I were she Ide haue the law on you for that, I durst depose for her shee nere had common vse nor common thought.

Cur. Despise me, publish me, I am your wife,
What shame can I haue now, but youle haue part,
If in disgrace you share, I sought not you:
You pursued me, nay forc'st me,
Had I friends would follow it,
Lesse then your action has beene prou'd a rape.

Ony. Brother?

Cur. Nor did I euer boast of lands vnto you,
Money or goods: *I* tooke a plainer course,
And told you true *I*de nothing,
If error were committed twas by you.

thanke your owne folly, nor has my sinne beene so odious but worse has bin forgiuen, nor am I so deform'd but I may challenge the vtmost power of any old mans loue, she that tasts not sin before, twenty to one but shee'le tast it after: most of you ould men are content to marry young Virgins and take that which followes, where marrying one of vs, you both saue a sinner, and are quit from a cuckold for euer,

"And more in briefe, let this your best thoughts winne,
"She that knowes sinne, knows best how to hate sinne.

Hos. Curst be all mallice, black are the fruites of spight,
And poyson first their owners: O my friends,
I must imbrace shame, to be rid of shame,
Coonceald disgrace preuents a publike name.
Ah *wis-good*, ah *Theodorus*,

WIS. Alasse sir, I was prickt in conscience to see her well bestowed, and where could *I* bestow her better then vpon your pitiifull worship: excepeing but my selfe I dare sweare shee's a Virgin, and now by marrying your Neece I haue banisht my selfe for euer from her, shees mine Aunt now by my faith, and theres no medling with mine Aunt you know, a sinne against my Nuncle.

Cur. Lo, Gentlemen, before you all,
In true reclaimed forme I fall,
Hepceforth for euer I defie,
The glances of a sinfull eye,
Wauing of Fans, which some suppose,
Tricks of Fancy Treading of Toes,
Wringing of Fingers, byting the Lip,
The wanton gate, th'alluring Trip,
All secret friends and priuate meerings,
Close borne letters, and Baudes greetings,
Faynlng excuse to woemens labours,
When we are sent for toth' next Neighbours,
Taking false Phisicke, and nere start,
To be let blood, though signe be at heart.
Remouing chambers, shifting beds,
To welcome Friends in husbands steads,
Them to enioy, and you to marry,

They first serud, while you must tarry,
They to spend, and you to gather,
They to get and you to father,
These and thousand thousand more,
New reclaim'd I now abhore.

Luc. Ah, heeres a lesson Rioter for you.

Wit. I must confesse my follyes, Ile downe too
And heere for euer I disclaime,
The cause of youths vndoing. Game:
Chiefly dice those true outlanders,
That shake out Beggers, Theeues and Panders,
Soule wasting Surfets, sinfull Riots,
Queanes Euills, Doctors diets.
Pothecaries Drugs, Surgeons Glisters,
Stabbing of armes for a common Mistris,
Ribband fauours, Ribauld speeches,
Deere perfumd Iackets, pennilesse breeches,
Dutch Flapdragons, healths in Vrine,
Drabs that keepe a man too sure in:
I doe defie you all.
Lend me each honest hand, for heere I rise,
A reclaimde man loathing the generall vice.

Hoo. So, so, all friends, the wedding dinner cooles,
Who seemes most crafty proues oftimes most fooles.

FINIS.